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# FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY SPOKING- NEWS-PAPER

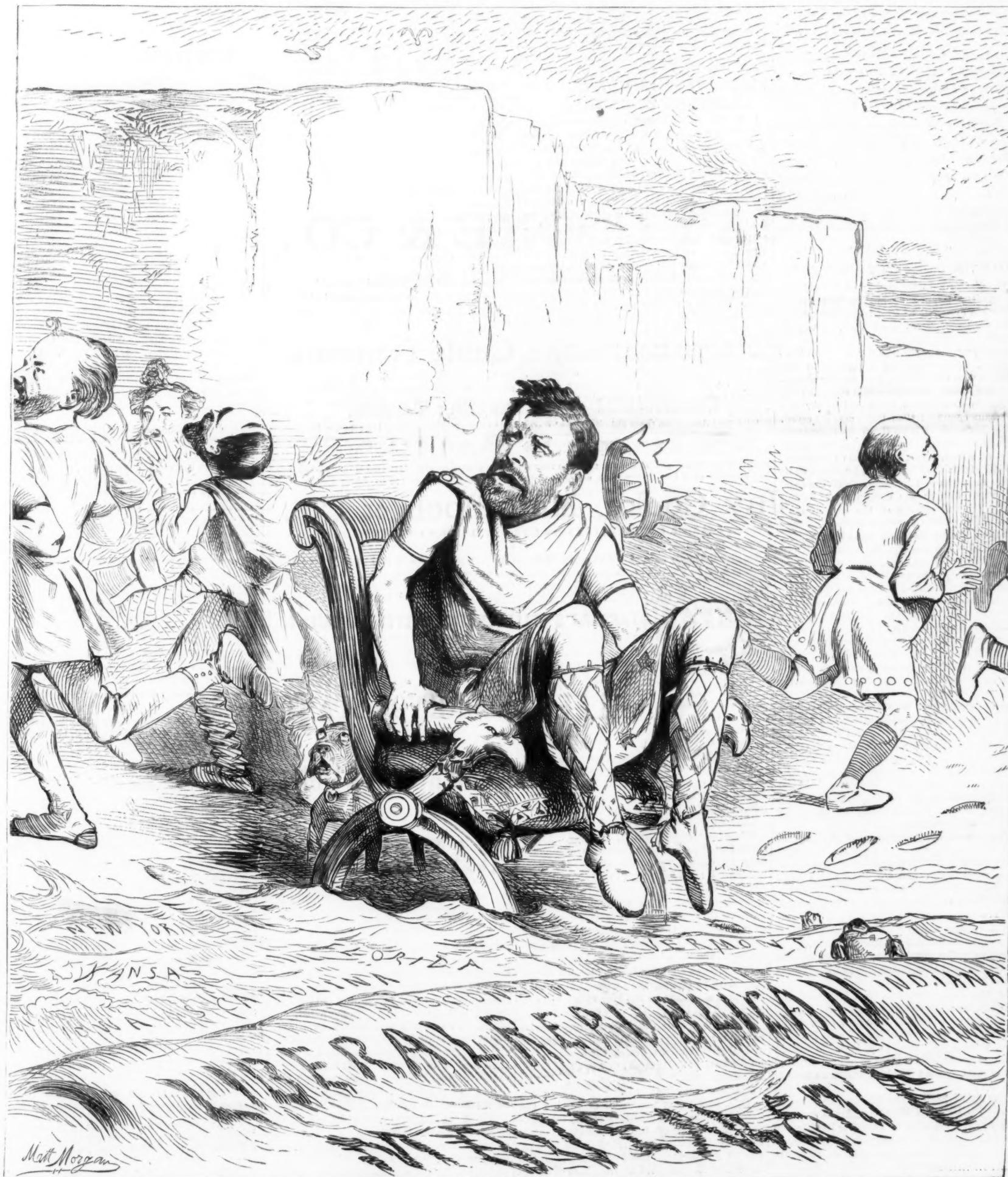


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OUR KING CANUTE AND THE RISING TIDE.

"King Canute caused his throne to be placed on the verge of the sands, on the seashore, when the tide was rolling in, and said to the Ocean: 'Thus far art thou go, and no further.' Finding that it did not obey him, he took off his crown, and never wore it again."

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
637 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 29, 1872.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

With the present number we give our readers the first installment of a new story, written expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, entitled

"HARD LUCK,"

from the pen of C. SHACKELFORD, an American author, whose reputation as a novelist is deservedly of the highest order. It is purely an American story, founded upon incidents in Western life. The interest is well kept up throughout. It is replete with original situations, and cannot fail to command the reader's undivided attention.

"FERRYISM."

SHALL THE DEMOCRACY PRACTICE IT?

THAT was a bitter saying of the old Virginian, applied to Martin Van Buren. "He deceives us once: that is his fault. If he deceives us a second time, it will be ours!"

So may we say of the new Senator from Connecticut, whose shameful treachery to the Liberals who elected him, and equally shameful subserviency to the men who degraded and sought to destroy him, have excited far less indignation than those acts deserved.

And his conduct is all the more remarkable because so utterly suicidal to his own prospects as a man, either of weight or influence, at Washington or at home, and he seems to be in the situation of those servants of the devil who serve him in the certainty of having to pay the full penalty of the loss of their souls for any little accommodations he may give them during their brief term of existence.

Mr. Ferry was repudiated, denounced and set aside by the Administration men in the Connecticut Legislature, by edict from headquarters, for some faint show of independence and disobedience of orders.

He was taken up and elected by a coalition of Liberal Republicans and Democrats, in opposition to the Grant nominee, under pledges either express or implied (probably both), that he would represent the party and the principles to which he is exclusively indebted for being a representative at all.

In anticipation of his election, and while it was pending, he permitted this belief to prevail, if he did not create it, and was elected distinctly on the issue of opposition to Grant and Grantism. Yet, no sooner is he elected than he deliberately turns his back on his new friends, and prostrates himself in abject abasement at the feet of the Military Dagon, praying for forgiveness, and abjuring independence ever thereafter.

The stupendous effrontery of this act of bad faith seems to have so surprised the Press and public, as to have prevented the expression of general scorn and loathing which such duplicity and treachery would naturally excite.

Mr. Ferry is a Senator, and, as Brutus says, "All Senators must be honorable men!" yet, it will require a new code to be issued from Military Headquarters at the Potomac Encampment to make people generally believe that such treatment of one's backers and supporters is the honorable thing.

If Mr. Ferry intended, in advance of his election, to assume this attitude, he allowed them to elect him under false pretenses. If he experienced "a change of heart" after his election, then, as an honorable man, he should have resigned, and not have misrepresented those who trusted in him without exacting written pledges.

On either horn of the dilemma he must be sharply gored; and what confidence can any party or any set of men hereafter have in one who has evinced so monstrous a duplicity, so black an ingratitude, and such an utter abnegation of principle?

And now let us point the moral, for the sake of which we have transfigured this unpleasant bug upon the needle of his own furnishing.

There are Presses and politicians (fortunately, few and uninfluential) which advise the great Democratic Party to imitate Ferry's example, by pursuing a course similar to his in profiting by the voices and the votes of the Liberal Republicans and their nominations, while repudiating their candidates.

The analogy between the two cases is too striking and too self-evident to require illustration. In both instances co-operation and good faith were implied, and morally, if not legally pledged; in both instances the shame of desertion and betrayal would be the same. But we have no fear that the example of the Senator from Connecticut will be regarded as a shining light for the Democracy to follow, or that, having thus far given aid and comfort to the Cincinnati movement, and profited largely by it, they meditate or would perpetrate Ferryism at Baltimore.

Should so signal an act of madness and treachery be visited like a doom upon that party, its fate would be the fate of the man who has given the thing its name, and in defeat and disaster, the once great party would become a shame to its friends, a derision to its triumphant enemies. But we repeat, we have no fears on this score, and believe the Democracy will do its duty.

FLIGHT OF THE GOVERNMENT  
FROM WASHINGTON.

AT the adjournment of each session of Congress, since the foundation of the Government, it has been the practice of the leading members of the Senate and the House, before leaving Washington, to call upon the President and Cabinet, either for the purpose of paying their respects, or to exchange opinions upon public questions, or for the higher purpose of adjusting important Departmental matters usually and necessarily passed over, or intentionally omitted, in the "heaviness" of a busy and exciting session. Never

has this practice been deemed more necessary than during the years of a Presidential canvass. Before returning to their homes, it is quite essential that Senators and Representatives, especially those supporting the Administration, should see and consult with the President. How much more important such an official intercourse, or political interchange, would be, if that high functionary should happen to be a candidate for re-election, is too apparent to warrant a single remark.

The first departure from this universal practice on the part of a President has been assumed by General Grant. With the utmost indifference to his public duties, and the seeming alacrity of a boy flying from school to his sports, the President of the United States packed himself off for Long Branch and Tom Murphy, Tuesday morning, June 11th, on the very first train that left Washington after Congress adjourned.

During that day, several of the oldest members, some of the President's personal friends and political supporters in the two Houses, although worn out with the labors of the session, but recollecting the customary call due to the President by courtesy, started out to perform that obligation. On presentation of their cards to the messenger at the Executive Mansion, they severally received the reply: "The President has gone to Long Branch."

"Gone to Long Branch," was the indignant echo which emanated from a distinguished member of the House, as he passed out over the threshold of the Presidential mansion—"gone to Long Branch! Can it be possible?" So cogitating, the Representative proceeded to the Treasury to call upon Secretary Boutwell, and met a prominent New England Senator, a friend of the President, when the following colloquy took place:

Representative—"Good-morning, Governor."

Senator—"Good-morning, General. I observe that you have performed a customary duty by calling upon the President before leaving. I must not forget to do so before the day expires."

Representative—"You need not tax your memory, Governor, on that point. 'The President has gone to Long Branch,' was the response which I just received from the messenger at the door."

Senator—"You astonish me! Has Grant rushed off to Long Branch without giving the members a chance to see him before they go home? That is certainly very extraordinary."

Representative—"It is a courtesy, Governor, to say nothing about his motive. Senators and Representatives desire to see him on public business. He runs away to avoid them. It is disgraceful."

Senator—"It certainly is."

This, and more, was said, expressing the mortification and indignation of the two political supporters of the President, as they walked toward the Treasury, when the Senator passed on through the building, while the Representative stopped at the office of Secretary Boutwell, and handed his card to the messenger.

Messenger—"General, will you see Mr. Rich-

ardson, who is acting? Secretary Boutwell, sir, has gone to Groton."

Representative—"Gone to Groton! Aha! I will take the card. I do not wish to see Mr. Richardson, as I have no business with him. I called personally upon Secretary Boutwell."

The courteous Representative then drove out to the distant State Department, to make a farewell call upon Mr. Secretary Fish, ejaculating to himself as he went, "Gone to Long Branch!" "Gone to Groton!" Upon alighting at the Department, the Representative handed in his card. The messenger politely remarked: "General, Secretary Fish left, last night, for his country-seat up the Hudson. Shall I hand your card to Mr. Hale, who is acting?"

"No," was the emphatic reply of the chagrined Representative; and, taking his card, he returned to his carriage and ordered the driver to go to the War Department. "Up the Hudson," sounded in his ears until the carriage reached the War Office, when the Representative repeated the card business at the Secretary's door, only to receive the reply, that "Secretary Belknap is in New York, General."

The Representative then stepped across the lawn, into the Navy Department, to say adieu to Secretary Robeson, when he was astounded by the remark of a subordinate officer, that "Secretary Robeson is out. He is very busy to-day, having just returned from New York, where his wife is. He is hurrying to leave again to-night."

"Have we a Government?" propounded the Representative to the writer, who happened to be present. The Congressman related his experience, and added that he knew Attorney-General Williams was away in Oregon, on an electioneering tour; that Secretary Delano had just returned from several weeks' absence, and that he would not venture to call upon the Postmaster-General, for fear he would be told that "Mr. Creswell had gone to his farm, at Elkton."

The Representative finally proceeded to the Capitol, to finish up the business in his committee-room, where he met with quite a number of members of the House, and some Senators. Several of them had experienced the same disappointments that day, while others were saved the trouble of a similar experience by what they then heard. The remarks made about the "sudden flight of the Government" were anything but complimentary. The general opinion prevails, among those who best understand the subject, that Long Branch is to be the headquarters of the Grant party for carrying on the campaign. It is known that Tom Murphy and General Porter had been urging Grant to hurry to Long Branch, and not to mind Congress or the public business; that his re-election was of more importance to him than all the rest; that, above all, he should avoid the Senators and Representatives, after adjournment, who would rush to him about offices, and that the best way to evade all pledges would be to hurry to Long Branch at the earliest moment. Leaving unsigned bills and much unfinished business, regardless of the public necessity, and in violation of the universal practice of all his predecessors, to tarry at the Executive Mansion at the close of a session until every member of Congress has had an opportunity to see and consult with him, he seeks his own personal comforts and pleasures in the lap of luxury, provided by Tom Murphy, at Long Branch. He snubs the Senate and the House of Representatives, belittles the high office with which the people dignified him, by employing its powers to institute corrupt Rings in every department of the Government, through whose unlawful agency he expects to cheat the people out of another election. We have no government at Washington—only a cabal at Long Branch.

Then there is another flash of tan-bark wit: The President—"That is as much as Georgia can do." [Laughter.] There's more sequence and logic for you. There is more of that high-toned appreciation of his situation, such as we have a right to expect from the representative of the American people. But the canvassing goes on. Jackson's successor is calculating the chances of his re-election. One Conley speaks for Georgia. But the astute Conley knows that Grant stands a better chance of being struck by lightning than of carrying that State, and he draws it mild.

B. F. Conley (*the Georgia Vice-President*)—"We will do the best we can for you."

Observe the spirit of low barter and traffic, apparent in every word of that toadying little speech.

Then there is another flash of tan-bark wit: The President—"That is as much as Georgia can do." [Laughter.]

And so the canvassing goes on, clear down through one Melord (colored), who pledges Virginia to the second Washington by 60,000, to a dirt-eater, Norton of Texas, who promises that State to his master if Baltimore endorses Mr. Greeley; because "the loyal men, who surrendered to you, sir, will support you, sir. Yes, sir!"

And all this in the White House.

Here is a man, supposed to represent the country, haggling with obscure and unknown politicians as to his continuance in office.

This is the man who whines in his Letter of Acceptance about the mistakes of a novice.

This man wants another term.

He wants, rather, the salary and emoluments of another term, and Congress had deserved well of the country had it provided for the retirement of this representative of a numerous family, in ease, affluence and silence, for the rest of his days.

PUTTY.

"EVER the True Putty fast sticketh. Society is globed and orb'd. Caucus is an impenetrable ball of political putty. It sustains and retains parties individual, and cannot be unpinned. The 'Principles of Ninety-eight,' so well known and appreciated by all American citizens of Boston culture, constitute one irrefragable ball of political putty."—*Boston (Transcendental) Dial.*

THIS is a Boston clincher, and ought to be sung to the accompaniment of English anvils, at the great Jubilee at the new ruin of the Coliseum, in that renewed village.

I could appropriately respond. It is short and to the point."

This sally of the President occasioned general merriment.

A sally, indeed!

If this had been a gathering of grogshop politicians, to notify one of the gang of his nomination to some municipal position, with a future prospect of unlimited stealing, and an immediate prospect of refreshments, we might have looked for sallies such as this. But do such witty eccentricities come with any sort of decent grace from the President of the United States, in reply to a renomination to that high position?

Why need the man continually parade his conspicuous stupidity and worse than schoolboy English-slaughtering?

His inability and inaptitude for speech-making are well known and clearly established.

Would that his official honesty of purpose were known as well.

Then, why will he not stick to that silence, which so well becomes him? Or, if he must talk, why will he not assume a little decency, even if he has none?

Settle settles all question as to his stupidity in saying, "I can't tell you what a superb Convention we had."

And Grant confesses, "My stupidity is just like Settle's."

Just observe the close logical connection between these two speeches, and see how like unto the first Washington is the second in the sally line:

Chairman—"Mr. President, I can't tell you what a superb Convention we had."

First Washington—"That's my fix." All laugh. That is to say, there is general merriment.

Truly, it was not his military record, but speeches like that, which put George Washington first in the hearts of his countrymen!

Then, they have a little canvassing, after the manner of the caucus.

One Meredith has the floor.

Meredith was probably as much surprised to see his name in the papers as were those who know him best; but there it is, and he was in the White House—the Dents' retreat.

Meredith gives tongue naively, his thumb is in his mouth, his head is lowered, and he twists on his heel: "And now, let me say for Indiana, that she will give you fifteen electoral votes. I will not say anything about the precise majority, but I am sure of fifteen electoral votes."

Then the Presidential wit flashes out again, like a wooden sabre.

The President—"At any rate, don't let your people vote but once." [Laughter.]

There's more sequence and logic for you.

There is more of that high-toned appreciation of his situation, such as we have a right to expect from the representative of the American people.

But the canvassing goes on.

Jackson's successor is calculating the chances of his re-election.

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He wants, rather, the salary and emoluments of another term, and Congress had deserved well of the country had it provided for the retirement of this representative of a numerous family, in ease, affluence and silence, for the rest of his days.

But old-fashioned, made-up caucuses are played out.

The strongest point made in this transcendental paragraph is the allusion to the "Principles of 'Ninety-eight.'" It is the weapon of a friend of ours, who at once silences any bore who asks him in the ears "how he is going" in the coming election, and what his "principles" are.

"I am going for Horace Greeley," is his reply. "I have known him intimately for thirty-five years, and no one in New York knows him better. And I go for the 'Principles of 'Ninety-eight'."

"What are the 'Principles of 'Ninety-eight'?" asks the impudent interrogator, who has intruded upon his quiet reading of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER—"will you explain to me what are the 'Principles of 'Ninety-eight'?"

"The very moment," says our friend, "that the inquisitive bore asks that question, he is instantaneously *squelched*. Understand that I don't myself know what the 'Principles of 'Ninety-eight' are, and for the matter of that, never knew the first man who did; but I know enough to know that it will settle his little pumping business. Anger, of course, and a little of Artemus Ward's 'sarkastical' expression of feature, are necessary to an effective reply, as thus: 'What don't you know the "Principles of 'Ninety-eight"! the very foundation of our glorious Republican government, which George III. would have given all his old shoes—yes, and all the old shoes of England and Scotland and Ireland to boot—to have killed? Don't you know what are the "Principles of 'Ninety-eight"? Did you never read Jackson, or Daniel Webster, or Henry Clay, or Calhoun, or Corwin, or Alexander H. Stephens, or Jefferson Davis, or Polk? I want nothing further to say to a man who doesn't even know what are the immutable American "Principles of 'Ninety-eight"! I read FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER through, without the slightest interruption, before I arrived at the Long Dock."

#### A PRECIOUS LOT!

WILLIAM H. BUMSTED, the millionaire official who was recently sentenced to nine months at hard labor in the New Jersey State Prison, is Chairman of Grant's Republican Committee of Hudson County, and was a delegate to the Philadelphia Renominating Convention.

At the same Convention was selected, as the Pennsylvania member of the Grant National Committee, a certain Mr. William H. Kemble, who is on the record as the author of the following instructive epistle:

TREASURY DEPARTMENT OF PENNSYLVANIA,  
HARRISBURG, March, 1867.

MY DEAR TITIAN—Allow me to introduce to you my particular friend, Mr. George O. Evans. He has a claim of some magnitude that he wishes you to help him in. Put him through as you would me. He understands addition, division and silence.

Yours, W. H. KEMBLE.  
To TITIAN J. COFFEY, Esq., Washington, D. C."

The toleration in politics by General Grant's subordinates is illustrated in the following military edict, issued at Yaquina Bay, Oregon, for the benefit of workmen on the lighthouse:

NOTICE—Any person employed on this work—Cape Foulweather Lighthouse—who shall speak disrespectfully, or off duty, of the President of the United States, or any member of the Cabinet, or any superior officer of the Government, will be immediately discharged. HENRY M. ROBERT,  
Major of Engineers, U. S. A."

#### LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. XII.

#### THE GRANT RENOMINATING CONVENTION—AND THE "SMILER."

THE Grant Renominating Convention has come and gone, and every thinking man must see that it was a humiliating thing for the country. A plastic, servile set of men then and there convened to register a decree which Emperor Grant had issued. A decree to enforce which bayonets had glistened in New Orleans, and Custom House officers had swarmed in New York, and *habeas corpus* had been suspended in South Carolina. I do not believe, in point of fact, that one man in that Convention, where all were mere machines, regarded Grant with common esteem, much less with respect or love. "Grant's Own" announced, on the day of the Renominating Performance, that Grant would be nominated on that day "with vast enthusiasm"; and all came off precisely in accordance with the official playbill—"enthusiasm" and all. On the day preceding that performance, Governor Morton announced to his fellow-servants, "To-morrow you will renominate General Grant! We need no platform (said he, in substance); look at Us, and that's enough—at our leader, at our record." Another Senator cried out in his stentorian way, "Grant has been ruler over a few things, now we shall make him ruler over many." In other words, "Great is Emperor Grant." The Emperor was put through the farce of nomination! His name was announced. Then everybody voted (as they called the act) for him. And then came the "enthusiasm." The noble fellows all rose to their feet. Those who had on hats, uncovered. For an hour they shouted, and cheered, and sang "patriotic" songs, and looked at Grant's picture—which was dramatically introduced at the right instant, to heighten the prearranged, manufactured and bombastic "enthusiasm." The fuss, flurry and palpitation were immense, and created quite a rise in the collar-canine market. All of this was but a squabble for place, a contest for collectorships, clerkships and

post-offices, a grab at Northern provender and Southern pillage. This swarm of adult mendicants, begging thus piteously for cold pieces of patronage, put to blush the little boys and girls who crowd our areas after broken victuals. Grant's two-legged locomotive merchandise came to Philadelphia, as it were, in cattle-gangs; in robust parcels, like the lady-killing Conkling. And they raved so in this quadrennial mania, that they managed to quite overdo the whole business. The country saw that the so-called excitement was as artificial as a raging conflagration on the sensational stage of a Variety theatre. This got-up noise and fury betrayed the weakness of their whole establishment. There was too much of it. It was too unreal. It was a jubilee confined and restricted to the Office-holders themselves. It was their own play, on their own stage—themselves the actors, the scene-painters and the auditorium. Grave Philadelphia gazed tranquilly on these bedizened embassies of King Grant. These Grant sycophants did not merely "go the whole hog." They went a whole herd of hogs, in their hyperbolical slaver; adulation which can only excite the public contempt, when the subject of it is considered. For he or she who can discover Grant's use as a statesman will be equal to the anatomist who may enlighten the doctors with the precise uses of the pineal gland and the spleen—those mysterious organs in the human body. And yet not a George Washington, fresh from creating a nation, could have been more honored, in ceremonial, than was our lucky General Grant then and there hypocritically deferred to! And who does not know that, as a soldier, he has no pre-eminence over many of his gallant fellows, that as a statesman he is a ludicrous failure, that as a man he has no solid weight with the thoughtful minds of the country? Covered all over with unpleasant facts, like nepotism and dead-headism and present-taking, what a dwarf is Grant in George Washington's armor! The venerable Benton once said about an American Ambassador to France (one well known, by-the-way, to the editor of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER), "If John Y—has a bellyful of oysters and a handful of trumps, he will thank God for nothing more." And such as this, pretty nearly, has been President Grant's social example. But these courtiers and tools of King Grant could do nothing but what they did. They were under the eye of a merciless master, who would flay them for disobedience with as little compunction as a fisherman flays live eels. They were under military disciplinarian, who has taught them their paces, their genuflections, and all their manual. One against whom Governor Morton had plotted until his "little game" was disclosed to the Emperor by intercepted correspondence—when the trembling Senator went under the yoke again as passively as an old steer; as humbly as did another Western Senator, who, only a few weeks ago, had uttered against Grant, in social circles, all of Senator Sumner's indictment, minus its elegance and force. It is pitiable to contemplate such demoralization as was witnessed at Philadelphia on the occasion of the renomination of Grant, for, indeed, it is fearful evidence of the despotic tone on which we have fallen. There is no exaggeration in styling that performance Cesarism, without the Cæsar—Cesarism enacted by the "little g."

But the undercurrent of that miscalled Political Convention (it was only a military convocation of staff officers and orderlies)—the undercurrent was not quite so pleasant. Murder was going on! The smiling and benevolent Colfax was being stabbed in the back all this while by the Cascas and Cassius of the squad. Orders from the Palace demanded the execution of the dapper little fellow who has played such a nice deportment rôle, and Sunday-school rôle, and lecture rôle, and tea-table rôle, for so many hypocritical years, and who comprehends Jefferson's Manual so exactly, that no parrot ever exhibited better training. The smiling chattering, the flippant small-talker, the little man who has managed himself, like a parasite crawling up, into high places, and who, in all his public record, cannot point to an idea which entitles him to the least recognition among Statesmen—this nice little man was being murdered all this while. He was led to the block, smiling, in all his holiday garlands and ribbons, a meek scapegoat, to atone for Senator Sumner's daring sin against King Grant. King Grant wished to punish Sumner by putting Senator Wilson over him in the Senate of the United States. The nomination of Wilson is about the only good thing—that I know of—in Grant's career as "Statesman." There is some manhood in Wilson. He has not lived entirely on gingerbread and confects, like a lady's poodle. His knowledge of law and statesmanship, though not overabundant, is, nevertheless, not restricted to Jefferson's Manual, nor has he, like the little "Smiler," fought the battle of life by the art of grinning, and mildly showing his teeth. This innocent "Smiler's" blood, if avenged at all, must be avenged by the ladies, for the "Smiler" has no personal friends among men. His selfish nature has not attached anybody to him. Flattery was his trump. Flattery and writing daily slavering letters to his constituents, whom he had booked (alphabetically arranged) for the purpose of this sort of dull electioneering. No stick ever fell flatter from a rocket than has the "Smiler." "Grant's Own" intimates, however, that the "Smiler" is to be cared for by General Grant. If such be the Emperor's kindly intention, let him make haste, while he has the power, to put the little "Smiler" in his "little bed." Does he intend to further afflict our already tortured Diplomacy with this chirping sparrow? Is the dove to be sent abroad like a carrier-pigeon?

But there was even yet a more fearful undercurrent beneath the dimpled surface of Philadelphia than that which swept the smiling angel out of sight. Our amiable friend, Colonel Forney, shotted his guns there and then, and prepared for the destruction of Emperor Grant in Pennsylvania. Now, this means business! To lose Pennsylvania next October is almost to lose the Presidential race. But the gallant colonel, in his own primrose way to be sure, invited the horrid Bellona to attend that feast, and to suspend the glittering sword—edge down—by a single hair over the banquet. He armed his Press with a double-headed ball, which he ruthlessly shot into the narrow bowels of his ancient enemy, the venerable Cameron. And the colonel demanded the unconditional surrender of Hartranft, an entire change of front for the October elections, under the terrible threat of losing the Pennsylvania State October fight, in the awful presence, too, and under the shadow of pregnant November. The colonel did this with his gaffs on. His was not the crow of a dunghill rooster, but the shrill piping of a steel-bearing, clip-combed and gill-shorn "game-un." This sonorous defiance of what Shakespeare calls the "bird of dawning"—as they say—was replete in martial style by the clarion throat of the aged and sly Cameron. This is a clear case for the Palace! Will the Emperor interfere in this fight in his own amphitheatre? What will he order? Shall

Hartranft withdraw? Shall Forney win? Shall Cameron bite the dust? At this writing (June 12th), no orders have reached me, on this head, from the Palace. If the Emperor intervenes, there will be rebellion! Hartranft is the regular Gubernatorial Republican nominee. Shall the Emperor encourage a boister? And if he does recede under a threat, will Hartranft and his friends eat their leeks in peace? And if the gallant Colonel Forney shall be driven back in this foray, will he succumb to force—and fight on, honestly, for Hartranft? or will he put on his most deceitful smile (I use this phrase figuratively, for everybody knows how frank is Colonel Forney), and grasping his adversary with the right hand of reconciliation, plunge a concealed dagger from his left into his unsuspecting spinal region?

Such, then, are the facts and the fictions of the late Office-holders' raid from their headquarters in Washington into the placid city of Philadelphia. The jovial concern is rotten to the core. In every branch of it lurks treason, rebellion and distrust. Nothing keeps the squad together but mercenary hopes. They feed on the anticipation that the Baltimore Convention may be induced to put a straight Bourbon ticket in the field. And they feel strong in the consciousness that they have money enough to corrupt the Civil Service, while we of the Opposition are poor in cash, and of course, deprived of the power of patronage. They feel the ground trembling beneath them. They know that all of the Grant "enthusiasm" is like the cheap, noisy, harmless powder that pops away on our glorious Fourth of July. They see the handwriting on the wall.

And yet this heartless array of the King's troops, so far from being despicable, is a power, to overcome which demands an entire union of all the elements of opposition. They present, as opposed to our unorganized forces, a disciplined array of professional political fighters. In their hands is the purse of the nation. They are desperate, and will scatter the people's money like water to effect their ends. This battle is one to determine the vital question of local self-government and reunion. With union among all the patriots of the land, these bold and dangerous men can be routed with the most perfect ease. I believe—after full correspondence with almost all sections of the country—that it is in the power of the United Reformers to achieve such a victory over this Military Ring as has never before been witnessed among us in the struggles of political parties. The only question is, will we be wise and self-sacrificing enough to do it?

JUNIUS.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### Conferring the Order of Knighthood.

Our engraving represents the scene at a recent Levée at Buckingham Palace, when Her Majesty the Queen conferred the honor of knighthood on Mr. John Bennett and Mr. Francis Wyatt Truscott, the Sheriffs of London for the present year. The ceremony took place in the Throne room, where Her Majesty was accompanied by the Princess Louise, Prince Arthur, Prince Leopold and the Duke of Cambridge. Sir John Bennett, who appears in our picture kneeling before his Sovereign, and in the act of receiving the magical touch on the shoulder which confers his title, is a son of the late Mr. John Bennett, of Greenwich, where he was born, in 1814. He was educated at Colfe's Grammar School, at Lewisham, and has carried on his father's business as watchmaker and clockmaker since the death of the latter. He has constructed various philosophical instruments for the Royal Observatory, and is a member of the Royal Astronomical Society. In 1843 Mr. Bennett commenced business in Cheapside. He delivered in a few years above six hundred lectures in various parts of the kingdom, advocating a system of popular education and of technical instruction. He has recently been elected, without opposition, a member of the London School Board. As a member of the Common Council he represents the Ward of Cheap.

##### The Empress of Germany at the International Exhibition.

During her brief sojourn in England, the German Empress had a busy time of it. Visits to hospitals, concerts and entertainments followed each other in rapid succession. Among other objects of interest, she paid a visit to the Crystal Palace, where upward of an hour was spent by the imperial party in going over the building. Our illustration represents the distinguished visitor examining some of the curiosities of the machinery department.

##### Voting on the Revision of the Swiss Constitution.

The majority of the Swiss Cantons have refused, by a vote of their representatives in the Tribunal, in the Palace, or Legislative Hall, Geneva, to consent, as proposed to them in a *plebiscite*, to any change in, or revision of, the Constitution of the Republic. Our illustration represents the scene in the Legislative Hall on "Voting Day," May 12th, and the delegates depositing the votes in the ballot-box. Twenty-two Cantons were represented. The hall was appropriately draped, and the mottoes of the different Cantons were emblazoned in conspicuous places on the pillars. The spectators were numerous, and mixed freely with delegates and politicians. Tables were placed on each side of the hall for the use of electors, and desks immediately under each of the lateral galleries, the latter being numbered alphabetically—a letter for each desk. A tribune, for the use of delegates, elevated several feet above the level of the floor, was erected at the upper end of the hall. Fastened to the tribune, to the left, was a huge poster, changed every few moments, which gave the election returns.

##### Recruiting for the Carlists in Spain.

Our readers have already been informed of the recent attempt on the part of the Duke of Madrid to overturn the existing government in Spain, and to induce the nation to accept him as their legitimate and constitutional sovereign. The news has also flashed across the ocean of the utter and almost disgraceful failure of that attempt, and the flight of the pretender and his adherents. Our illustration represents a reminiscence of the movement while it was at its height, depicting, as it does, a band of Carlist adherents endeavoring to procure recruits for the cause, in one of the villages of Biscay.

##### Tomb of Mahmoud, at Agra, Hindooostan.

The ruins of Agra, which was once the most flourishing city of Hindooostan, are celebrated in history, and one of the most interesting relics of its past is the tomb of the Sultan Mahmoud. Mahmoud, who belonged to the dynasty of Gasevides, was a native of Gozna, in Careool, and transported thither, where was his residence, in 1025, the spoils taken at Somanath by his predecessor, when that city was sacked and destroyed by his orders. Mahmoud, after

his death, was interred at Gozna, beneath a grand and magnificent mausoleum. The gates of the tomb were taken off, by the orders of the English Generals Nott and Pollock, and carried to Agra, where they have since remained. These gates were once those of the temple of Somanath, esteemed one of the most magnificent and wealthiest in India. They are made of sandal-wood, and are admirably sculptured in the most ornate manner, with hieroglyphics and pictures of birds and beasts. The tomb which remains at Gozna is made of massive stone.

##### Carrying Dispatches in Bengal.

The system of canoeing, shown in our engraving, as practiced by native inhabitants of India, is very simple and primitive, and a tribute to the power of the sun in that latitude. The costume of the native boatman is a wide hat, of the hugest dimensions, and a breech-cloth of linen or some light stuff. These men rendered important services with their boats to the British expedition under Generals Bourchier and Browlow, as mail-carriers between military headquarters and Calcutta.

#### PAULINE LUCCA.

Mlle. PAULINE LUCCA has been playing at the Royal Italian Opera in London, in "Faust e Margherita," "Le Nozze de Figaro," and the "Africaine." However the *Margaret* may differ in certain characteristics from the conception of Madame Patti, Madame Carvalho, and other distinguished artists, it is one of the most original, piquant, and dramatically striking impersonations at this time to be witnessed on the lyre boards. Mlle. Lucca will not be—cannot be, in short—like other people; and that accounts for the peculiar and irresistible fascination she exercises. Nevertheless, if a decided preference is to be given to any particular one of Mlle. Lucca's impersonations, it is assuredly to that of *Selika*, in the "Africaine." No wonder that Meyerbeer was anxious to obtain the services of Mlle. Lucca when his last great opera was about to be produced in Paris; and no wonder that he selected her for Berlin, where she absolutely transported the public, till her *Selika* became the Berlin "town talk." Where the whole is essentially admirable, it seems hypocritical to pick out special features; yet we may allude to the last two acts—the one where *Selika* compels the unwilling *Nelusko* (Signor Graziani), her native adorer, to resign his claim in favor of the detested stranger, *Vasco di Gama* (Signor Naudin), the magnificent duet in which is frequently, and not unreasonably, compared with that between *Valentine* and *Raoul*; the other, where the fickle Portuguese, forgetful of his vows, abandons *Selika*, and sails away with *Inez* while *Selika*, like another Cleopatra, imbibes deadly poison under the branches of the Mancanilla tree. These, in the hands of Mlle. Lucca, are masterpieces of pathos, of musical declamation, and of dramatic power.

#### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ANNA MEHLIG is concertizing in California. "HUMPTY DUMPTY" falls from the wall in Boston this week.

THE "QUAKER CITY" will have Summer concerts this year.

T. W. KEENE took a benefit at Wood's Museum, June 15th.

"STANDING-ROOM only" at Lina Edwin's, by the Georgia Minstrels.

THE Olympic opened, Monday, June 17th, for the Summer season.

LAWRENCE BARRETT will star New England next Fall, with a company.

EDWIN ADAMS departs this week as *Enoch Arden* at Booth's.

THEODORE THOMAS's Garden Concerts are daily increasing in popularity.

VERDI is writing a new opera for the Scala at Milan. The title is "Verona."

The great Sängerfest, held at St. Louis, on the 12th inst., was a memorable affair.

PARIS theatricals were never so licentious under the Empire, they say, as at present.

THE "Naiad Queen" and ballet troupe left Mrs. Conway's Theatre, Brooklyn, last week.

THE season at the Fifth Avenue came to a close, Saturday, June 15th, with "Article 47."

OLIVER DOUD BYRON opened the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, for the Summer, June 10th.

THE Seventh Regiment Band will participate in the Fourth of July celebration at Saratoga.

MR. AND MRS. TOM THUMB and MR. AND MRS. COMMODORE NUTT are very soon to return to America.

THIS week is the third of "Fortunio" and Professor Faber's talking machine at the Union Square.

LIKE good wine, the English opera performances of W. W. Seguin's troupe, at Bryant's, improve with age.

THE cow that set Chicago afire kicks over that kerosene lamp every night at the Theatre Comique.

THE Paris *Figaro* announces that Mlle. Christine Nilsson will be married to M. Roulland, in that city, in July.

MAX STRAKOSCH is going to build a \$1,000,000 opera-house on the site of the old Harlem Depot, in 4th Avenue.

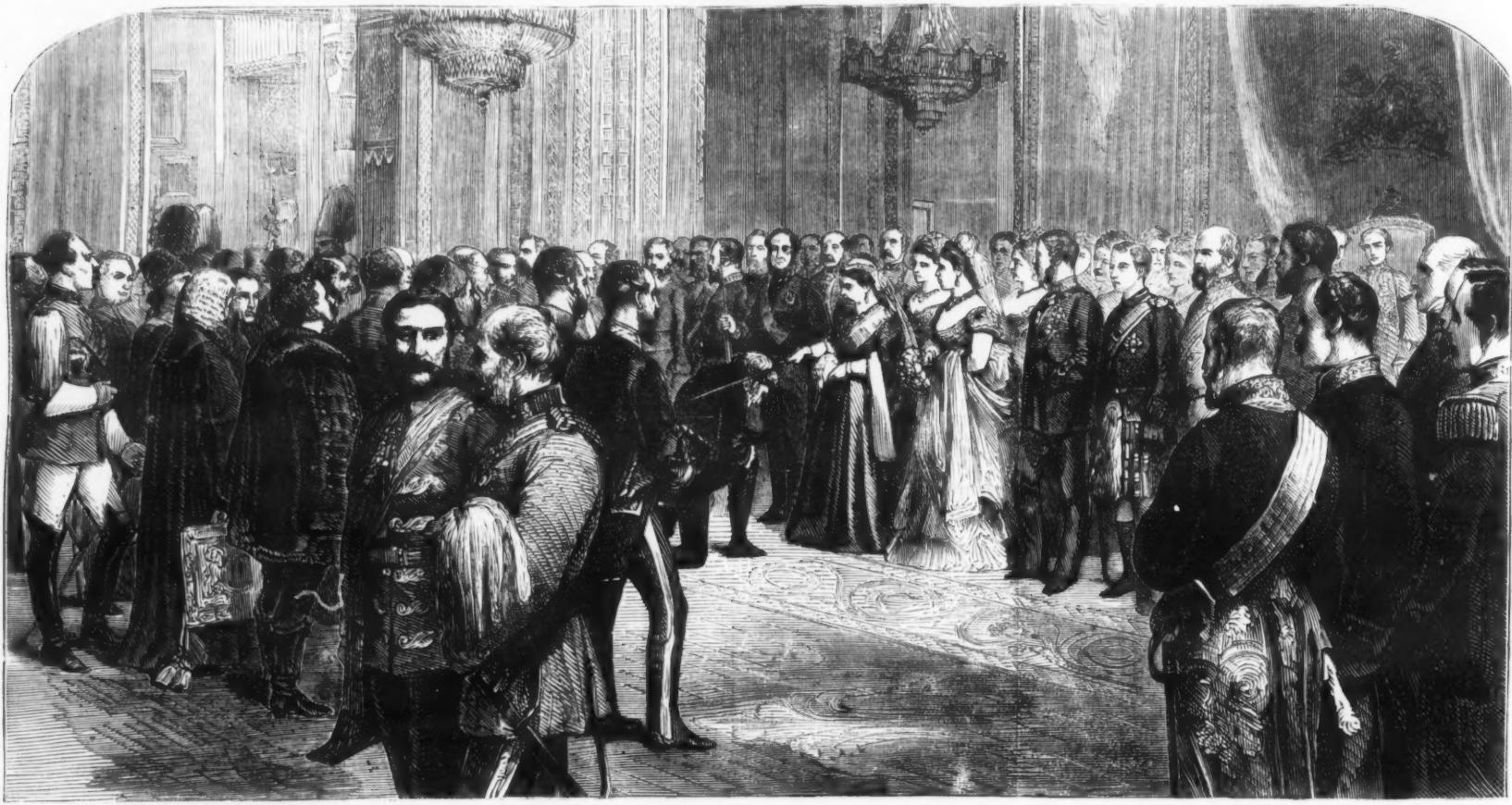
MISS MINNIE HAUCK has received an invitation to take part in the annual Silesian Musical Festival at Breslau, Prussia.

RICHARD BATEMAN, son of "Pa," and brother to Kate, has come out as an actor in Liverpool in "Never Too Late to Mend."

LEIPSIC is to be favored with a performance of the opera "Diana von Solingen," composed by the Duke Ernst of Coburg-Gotha.

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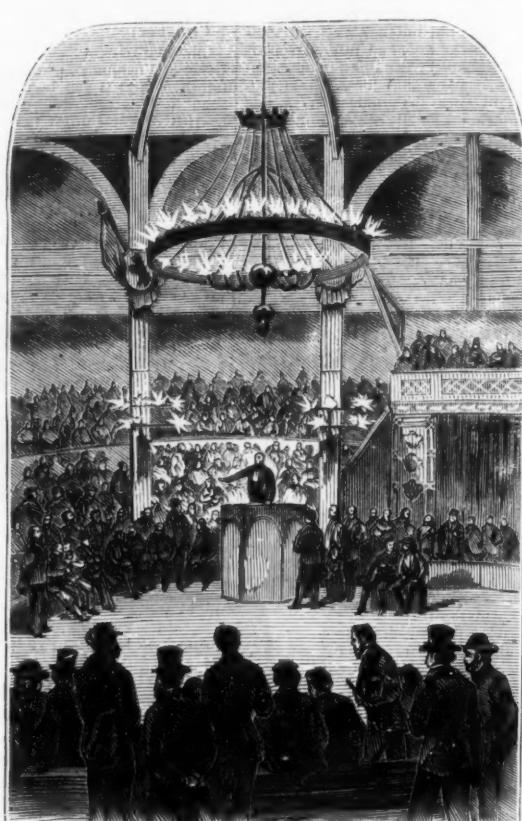
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



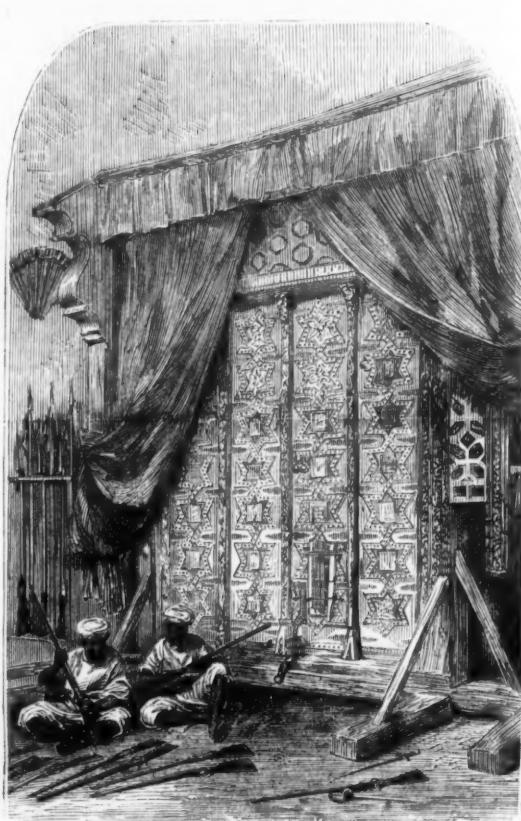
ENGLAND.—THE QUEEN CONFERRING THE ORDER OF KNIGHOOD.



ENGLAND.—THE EMPRESS OF GERMANY AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.



SWITZERLAND.—VOTING ON THE REVISION OF THE CONSTITUTION.



INDIA.—GATES OF THE TOMB OF SULTAN MAHMUD, AT AGRA.



INDIA.—CARRYING DISPATCHES IN BENGAL.



SPAIN.—RECRUITING FOR THE CARLIST CAUSE IN A VILLAGE OF BISCAY.

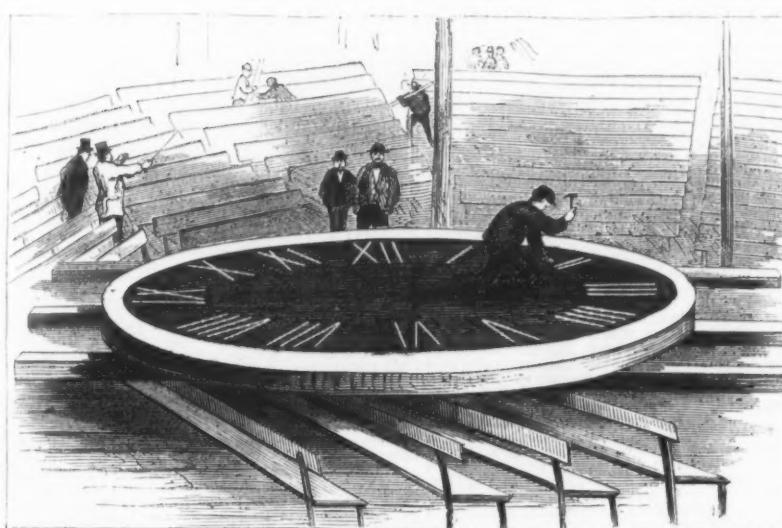
THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.  
GREAT MUSICAL CARAVANSARY  
AT BOSTON.

THE grand musical festival opened on Monday, June 17th, and Mr. Gilmore was happy. Encouraged by the success of his last series of mammoth concerts, he applied himself to the execution of a design that has certainly never been equaled in any country.

Furnished with commendatory documents from President Grant, members of Congress, and other influential persons, he enlisted the favor of the Queen of England, the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and President Thiers, of France.

His idea was of such magnitude, that his efforts were at first deemed those of a lunatic, but his endorsers said nothing of his aberration, and the bold Yankee received promises from the sovereigns of the Old World that their favorite bands of music should visit Boston, to participate in the grand disruption of the American Continent.

To trusty lieutenants he delegated the authority of procuring the vocal and instrumental performers, the erection of the immense temple, and attending to the thousand and one details that require skill, judgment, and patience.



THE GREAT CLOCK IN THE COLISEUM, BY WHICH THE PERFORMANCES ARE TIMED.

provided with ventilating louvres. A projecting cornice, borne on brackets, is surmounted by a hipped roof, ornamented with a cresting and flagstaffs. The central feature of the front is a grand arched portal, 25 feet in width by 50 in height, surmounted by a pediment. This doorway bears a triple mullioned window, three pilasters carrying a heavy molded archivolt, ornamented at its crown. An interior circular frame forms a rose window, which, with its stained glass embellishment, gives a striking interior as well as exterior feature. The height of this central motive is in all about 90 feet. Flanking this triplicate window on either side is a triangular system of fenestration divided by mullions some 40 feet in length by 15 feet on its vertical side, also treated with stained glass. Seven ventilating turrets adorn the roof, and give a pleasant variety to the roof-line, the central turret predominating in size and elegance above the rest. Projections are made at the side entrances, and midway on either side rises a Mansard-roofed tower 25 feet above the lean-to roofs.

Piles were driven for the original arched structure, some 24 being placed under each arch or truss, and others under the walls of the building, to give all a similar bearing; but upon changing the plan of construction, it was deemed best to allow the whole building



SCENE IN THE DECORATION-ROOM - YOUNG LADIES PREPARING THE DECORATIONS FOR THE GRAND BALL.

Everything went on swimmingly. The building had taken to itself huge ribs, and a novel architectural structure was expected. But in an unlucky hour the wind that sweeps the seas and whistles among the mountains grew jealous of the preparations, and fearing that nature itself was liable to a base counterfeit, gathered its strength and beat against the trembling frames until they fell to the earth in humble obeisance.

It was then determined that, instead of constructing an edifice which should touch the electric clouds, and force the elements to do honor to the occasion, a smaller and less Babylon-like shell should be laid out.

The work went on, and Gilmore, who had insured his life for several hundred thousand dollars to guarantee an additional world's wonder, found his lease of life extended, and was again happy.

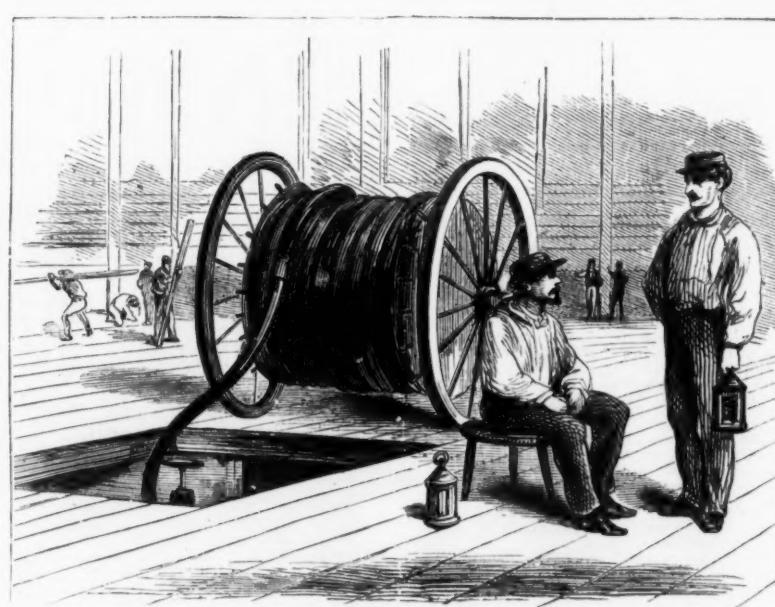
THE COLISEUM OF 1872, erected on the ground known as the Back Bay, is 550 feet long and 350 wide.

The exterior of the building, unlike that of 1839, is highly ornamental in appearance and substantial in character, notwithstanding the very limited space of time allowed for completing it. The general style is Italian. The central portion of the end facades is brought forward some ten feet from lateral wings, and flanked on either side by towers 30 feet square, and rising some 25 feet above the roof. These towers have fine bracketed doorways, and mullioned windows in the second story; above are recessed arches, whose semi-circular heads are

to rest on heavy timber platforms, bedded on the well-settled and rammed gravel bed. It was not deemed necessary to drive piles on which to build the structure, and instead there was used plank 3 or 4 inches thick, fastened together into platforms about 8 feet square for the main posts, and about 4 feet square for the smaller ones. Every upright post has one of these foundations. Of the larger posts supporting the trussed roof, there are 80; of the smaller ones, running up to the lean-to roof, there are 120. There are also about 220 still shorter ones supporting the galleries, and 80 others supporting the upright sills, making in all 500 points or platforms on which the building stands.

The old form of ventilating monitor having proved unreliable in many cases, from its great exposure to the force of violent winds sweeping up the long slope of roof, a far more ornamental feature in the shape of octagonal louvre turrets was adopted. There are seven of these upon the ridge, placed at equal intervals, pleasing in design and proportion. They allow wind to pass harmlessly between them, and from their octagonal shape present but a small perpendicular surface to its force from whatever source it may appear. They are twenty feet in diameter and fifteen feet high, and from their large size are expected to perform their work thoroughly. The central turret is more important in size and more ornamental.

THE INTERIOR ARRANGEMENT is on the most liberal scale. The entire roof is painted in water-color of an ethereal blue tint



FIREMEN ON DUTY IN THE COLISEUM BUILDING.

and all the timber and truss work is also done in delicate buff or straw color. The great supporting posts or columns are tinted of light gray shade of low tone, in keeping with the roof and the ends. The walls in the clear story and between the windows behind the balconies are of a light Pompeian or brownish red. The light that seeks the great auditorium is tempered by various shades of quiet color, introduced in the stained glass windows, which vary in design upon the roof and at the sides. These quiet, neutral tints so blend in harmony, that the eye is not dazed, but, on the contrary, there is imparted a sense of breadth and space.

From the tie beams of the trusses at the apex of the nave are suspended horizontal Pompeian rods tipped with large ornamental pineapples of gold, from the ends of which depend red, white and blue festoons downward to the main supports of the nave roof, following the outlines of the braces. Similar festoons are also suspended from the side trusses below the clear-story windows, following the line of the braces as in the nave. All the nave posts are decorated with pending oriflamme banners of various nations. The ends and sides of the building are ornamented by a painted valance seven feet deep, running its entire circumference. At intervals between the posts are medallion portraits of the musical composers of all nations, executed in monochromo, alternating with heraldic emblems, arms and crests of all nations. Between the valance and the floor, halfway down the posts, ornamental trophies and bannerets are introduced, running the whole length of the auditorium ends.

The parquet is one of the divisions set apart for the accommodation of the spectators. It is 235 feet long by 200 feet in width, and is divided into sections discriminated on the plan by letters. It has a smooth double floor of spruce, and the seating is made in such a manner as to be easily removed upon the occasion of the grand ball. The parquet is surrounded on three sides by promenades, 25 feet in width, under the side and end galleries. One of the central sections of the parquet is reserved for distinguished guests.

The side and end balconies are 75 feet deep, being 10 feet from the parquet-floor in front, and rising backward to the walls at a gradual elevation of 2½ inches in every foot. In each of these galleries there are rows of seats longitudinally, then an aisle, and then more similar rows of seats. Back of the rear row is a promenade gallery 12 feet wide, and extending all the way around the building, 1,800 feet. These galleries are all accessible by means of 12 broad stairways leading from the outside doors. They are supplied with settees made expressly for the purpose.

The seats for the chorus occupy the easterly end of the building for a distance of 210 feet forward from the end wall, arranged in the manner of an amphitheatre (rising some 26 feet) around the space allotted to the orchestra. Radial aisles of ample width give access to the various portions of the chorus territory connecting with other semi-circular aisles of greater width, into which the stairways open. Very ample accommodation has been provided for the chorus in the way of stairways, no less than nine, having an aggregate width of 108 feet, offering their broad passages for the speedy and comfortable entrance and exit of the singers and musicians.

The orchestra is located upon a platform raised two feet and six inches above the parquet-floor in front, and rising backward.

Our illustrations give faithful representations of the opening of the Jubilee, and other interesting incidents connected therewith. In subsequent issues we shall continue the pictorial history of the great event.

#### GOSSIP OF THE JUBILEE:

##### "BOUQUET OF ARTISTS"

**I**S the name long since applied to the leading lady and gentlemen singers, and of those invited the following-named have responded and signified a willingness to participate in a leading capacity during the festival, singing the solos for the selections from oratorios, operas, etc.:

**Sopranos**—Mrs. Louisa S. Marrison, of San Francisco; Miss Lizzie M. Gates, Miss Isabel Stone, Miss Fannie Frazer Foster, Mrs. J. F. West, Miss Fannie Keller, Cornelia Stetson, Mrs. E. H. Carter, Mrs. Charles Lewis, Mrs. Howard Hooper, Mrs. Minnie Little, Mrs. B. F. Gilbert, Mrs. G. H. Long, Mrs. C. H. Brackett, Miss F. G. Perry, Mrs. Maria Kimball, Miss Nellie Bowen, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Mrs. J. H. Stickney, Misses Sarah C. Fisher and Jessie H. Bartlett, of Boston; Misses Emma Howson, Vienna Demorette, Graziella Ridgway, Annie W. Powell and Mrs. Ames, of New York; Misses Eva Mills, Julianne G. May and Mrs. F. C. Elliot, of Washington, D. C.; Miss Sarah Stackpole, Providence; Alice Staples, Winthrop, Me.; Miss Fliske, Worcester; Mrs. H. W. Wetherbee, Portland, Me.; Mrs. Sousie Gould, Chelsea; Addie R. Gibbs, Brooklyn; Miss Zilla McQuestion, Manchester, N. H.; Miss Clara B. Nichols, Newton; Miss George H. Hunt, Alice Howard, Lowell; Hattie F. Russ, Cambridge; Miss J. A. Crowell, Bangor, Me.

**Contraltos**—Miss Addie F. Ryan, Mrs. C. A. Barry, Mrs. C. A. Whiting, Miss Jennie Kempton, Mrs. Agnes G. Spring, Mrs. H. F. Bryant, Mrs. Elizabeth Garrett, Mrs. T. Drake, Mrs. T. H. Edmunds, Mrs. W. H. Wadeleigh, Mrs. L. B. Weston, Mrs. S. Shattuck, Mrs. Charles R. Howard, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Mrs. H. L. Whitney, Mrs. G. W. Beardsley, Miss Clara Poole, Mrs. Julia A. Wells, Miss Henrietta Hunt, Miss Mary Binkley, Miss Abby R. Clark, Miss Jennie M. Pease, Miss Emma L. Hathaway, Miss Mary H. Woodford, of Boston; Miss Susie Bean, Providence; Miss Sarah Bowman, New York; Miss Charlotte Farrell, Waltham; Mrs. W. Lawrence, Bangor, Me.

**Tenors**—Messrs. D. F. Fitz, S. B. Hall, W. H. Fessenden, Darius Copp, Cyrus Copp, H. L. Whitney, J. Q. Wetherbee, John Farley, L. B. Thatcher, Edward Prescott, Cornelius Cheney, Allen A. Brown, Henry A. Cook, G. P. Draper, Arthur T. Hills, John H. Stickney, T. C. Wentworth, W. J. Winch, Cyrus Brigham, S. P. Driver, of Boston; Providence—J. N. Hazelwood, Julius Jordan, John Starkweather; Baltimore—John Showman (first tenor to the Baltimore Liederkranz); New York—H. Millard, S. W. Langmaid, Henry Thatcher; Chicago—C. H. Britton, George C. Stebbins.

**Basses**—Messrs. H. C. Ryer, G. W. Dudley, P. H. Powers, Louis Ellison, E. Hermannson, B. M. Aiken, Hiram Wilder, Signor A. Ardavani, W. Davenport, William Garrett, J. J. Campbell, G. R. Titus, W. H. Hunt, Gardner Gove, Dr. Charles Guilmette, J. F. Rudolphson, J. L. W. ch., H. Barnabee, and W. C. Perkins, of Boston; William Hamilton, Philadelphia; P. S. Gregory, Jersey City; C. H. McClellan, Bath;

Me.; D. E. Spencer, Milford, Mass.; L. E. Gannon, Washington, D. C.; Frank Bartlett, N. Y.; Louis Sundlach, Hartford, Me.; John S. Jones, Waltham; George Jott, Evansville, Ill.; Dr. Goddard, Newburyport; Charles Stone, Laconia, N. H.

##### ARABELLA GODDARD.

This distinguished pianist, the greatest female performer on that instrument of the present day, arrived in this country on the steamer *Java*, for the purpose of making her *début* at the Boston Jubilee. She was engaged for the Musical Festival (the greatest in the number of musicians—vocalists and instrumentalists—as well as in the size of its auditorium) by Mr. Gilmore, and will form one of the most prominent attractions in it. As a performer, when we some time since heard her in England, she was one of the purest in her mechanical style we ever listened to, while her command of the instrument entitled her to rank on a perfect footing of equality with Thalberg, Liszt, Gottschalk, and a few others who have stamped the reputation of the piano as essentially a fact of the present age. We anticipate for her a cordial reception and a thoroughly successful *début* in this country, although the size of the building in which she makes the acquaintance of an American audience, for the first time, was perhaps undesirable, as it will deprive the finer light and shadow of her playing of much of that appreciation with which they would have been received in a smaller hall. However, everything is not accorded to an artist on all occasions on which he or she may appear, and we do not doubt that the grandeur of her school and style will earn her the unequivocal admiration of her audience.

Her last appearance in London was at the Fifth New Philharmonic Concert, when, in Dussek's sonata in C minor, she "graduated the nuances with the precision of a spectroscope; and her left hand playing, both in the opening bravura passages of semiquavers and in the tributary *dolce* episodes, excited general admiration. Elsewhere, also, the delicacy, *aplomb*, and exquisite finish of the performance—a more unique one" (the writer in the *London Standard* says) "we have never heard—gave evidence not only of scholarship, but deep insight into the text, of a by no means ordinary writer. The public are never weary of listening to such a noble work when Mme. Goddard is the exponent, and the bare announcement of her intention to perform is sufficient to fill St. James's Hall in season and out of season. But Mme. Goddard's eclectic taste leads her constantly to extend the boundaries of her *répertoire*, and happily her judgment is always as correct as her knowledge is profound. On Wednesday the gifted pianist introduced, with her usual success, the concerto in E of Moscheles, which has been unjustly neglected by modern pianists. A greater tribute to its merits could hardly be desired by the late Mr. Moscheles' warmest admirers than Mme. Goddard's performance—a performance perfect in every respect. The vigorous passages of the first movement were wonderfully sustained, the elegance of the *adagio* was charmingly exhibited, and the brilliant manner in which the passages in the *rondo finale* were executed made the audience forget the homeliness of the theme (the well-known 'Grenadiers' March) upon which it is based. Mine. Goddard was enthusiastically applauded after each movement, and, on the conclusion of her splendid performance, received an ovation which expressed the delight of a very large and critical audience."

##### HERR STRAUSS.

Johann Strauss was born in Vienna on the 12th February, 1825. He was the son of the elder Johann Strauss, who at that time already had achieved great celebrity as a composer of dancing music, and whom his music-loving fellow-citizens had nicknamed "The Waltz King." The elder Strauss was descended from a family of soldiers, and intended originally that his son Johann should enter the military career; but the extraordinary musical talents which the boy already displayed at an early age, and the prayers of his devoted mother, who even then foresaw the future eminence of her son, induced the father to prepare his boy for the musical career. No pains were spared to give him the best instruction. Dreckslar and Hoffmann, the excellent masters of Vienna, taught him composition and counterpoint. His father instructed him in instrumental music. Young Strauss proved so good a pupil that in his seventeenth year he had become an excellent violinist, and numerous compositions of his had been very favorably received both by the critics and the public. Two years afterward, when he was but nineteen years of age, he organized an orchestra of his own, whose performances rivaled those of his father's. From 1846 to 1848 he made a concert tour through Hungary and the Danubian Principalities, exciting everywhere the utmost enthusiasm, and reaping a substantial reward for his efforts. In 1851 the elder Strauss died, and the son united his orchestra with that of his father. This united orchestra has since then held the first place among the bands which devote themselves principally to light music, and it visited in the following years nearly every capital in Europe, being received everywhere with the utmost favor. Especially was this the case during the Paris Exposition of 1867, where delighted audiences crowded night after night the vast hall in which Strauss's orchestra played the favorite productions of its leader. In 1862, on the occasion of Strauss's marriage to the celebrated cantatrice, Henrietta Treffz, the Emperor of Austria appointed him Hofkapellmeister, and many European sovereigns conferred decorations on him. Although comparatively a young man, Strauss has published more than six hundred compositions, some of which have reached a sale of upward of half a million copies, and which yield him an annual income of fifteen thousand florins. In consequence of this and of his large receipts from the performances of his orchestras, Strauss is believed to be the wealthiest living composer. Quite recently he has endeavored to eclipse Offenbach as a composer of operettas, but only with indifferent success. As a composer of dancing music he is looked upon as superior to his celebrated father, and to the latter's gifted rival, Lanner.

##### THE GREAT JUBILEE ORGAN.

The capacity of the organ is about double that used at the festival of '69. It will occupy a space thirty feet wide by twenty feet deep, the highest pipe extending to a height of forty-three feet from the gallery base. The only portion of the instrument to be incased is that below the top of the sound-board, all the pipes except those in the swell being visible to the audience. The largest pipes of the first manual will be placed at the ends and back of the organ chest—the smaller pipes extending toward the centre—and the stops grading from rear to front in their order of descent in the scale. The eight pumps for supplying the organ with compressed air will be worked by a gas engine. These are made in chest form, with piston pressure, each with a delivery capacity of eight cubic feet of air to every revolution of the crank-shaft, which is calculated at twenty per minute, allowing for the eight pumps an aggregate capacity of twelve hundred and eighty cubic feet in that time. Two boxes, of ninety cubic feet area each, will receive and distribute this air as it is required in working the organ. The magnitude of the instrument, and the power required for its use, may be learned by the statement that it will require four times the amount of atmospheric pressure that is generally required for a common church organ.

The following are the builders' specifications for construction of the instrument:

**Great Organ**—Bourdon, 16 feet; open diapason, 8 feet; dapple flute, 8 feet; gamba, 8 feet; dolce, 8 feet; quint, 5½ feet; flute traverso, 8 feet; octave, 4 feet; flute harmonique, 4 feet; twelfth, 2½ feet; fifteenth, 2 feet; mixture, 7 ranks; bombard, 16 feet; trumpet, 8 feet; clarion, 4 feet.

**Swell**—Flute harmonique, 8 feet; stop diapason, 8 feet; violin diapason, 8 feet; octave, 4 feet; flute octaviant, 4 feet; cornopean, 4 feet; oboe, 8 feet.

**Pedals**—Megalophonia, 32 feet; passame, 16 feet; 8 feet; double diapason, 16 feet; sub-bass, 16 feet; octave, 8 feet; magaloponte, 10% feet.

**Couplers**—Pedal and great, pedal and swell, great and swell.

**Octave Coupler**—First manual, second manual. Reversible pedal to operate coupler pedal and first manual; self-balancing swell pedal; pedal to operate swell tremolo; four composition pedals for grand manual; two composition pedals for swell manual; pneumatic lever to be applied to both manuals and pedals, the action to be reversed and extended 60 feet from the organ; key-deck over main entrance for chorus and orchestra.

##### THE BIG JUBILEE DRUM.

This elephantine adjunct of the musical part of the coming Jubilee is so gigantic in its proportions as to deserve a special mention. Its various parts are as follows: The shell or outer part is made in three sections of rock-maple boards one-eighth of an inch in thickness, each section being fastened to the other with copper bolts and glue. Six hundred feet of one-inch Manila rope and seventy-eight drum ears are required to put the monster in proper trim for use. Messrs. Woodman & Williams, of Farmington, Me., are the builders of the woodwork of the instrument, and it is almost safe to say that a small-sized forest has been destroyed by them for material. The heads are constructed of cowhide. The ordinary sheepskin would have been used, but it was not deemed expedient by the committee on music to slaughter a whole flock of sheep for the special purpose. The ornamentation of the heads is very elaborate and handsome. On one are the coats-of-arms of all European nations, circumscribing a centre-piece containing a hand-some embossed scroll, with the words, "Universal Peace." Beneath this the American eagle, holding in its beak the motto, in gilt letters, "E Pluribus Unum," and in his talons the shield of America, intertwined with laurel. On the "beacon" head of the drum the outer ring of ornamentation consists of the coats-of-arms of the thirteen original States of America, and beneath these the shields of those that have since been admitted into the Union, encircling a centre-scroll containing the words, "Let us have Peace." Under the scroll is painted a white dove bearing the olive branch, and beneath the dove are the flags of various nations intertwined by laurel. This mountain of sound is 12 feet in diameter, 36 feet in circumference, and weighs nearly 600 pounds.

##### THE GRENADIERS.

If the members of the band of the Grenadier Guards are as large as the regiment to which they are attached, we may soon expect to see a company of giants, such as may not be seen again in a lifetime. The average height of the Grenadiers is 6 feet 2 inches, the minimum being 6 feet 1 inch, and if the band present the same standard, with their heads surmounted with huge bear-skin caps 20 inches high, they will show an altitude of nearly 8 feet per man, which will be doing pretty well for high, especially when contrasted with the rather diminutive size of their French brethren. Their dress uniform is of crimson and gold, gorgeous, brilliant and showy, and when the rays of the sun strike upon them they shine and glitter like the golden pinnacles of Solomon's temple, as seen from the heights of Mount Moriah. If this comparison is too strong, we'll deduct a fair percentage to spectators of defective vision.

When the chorus of the Jubilee of 1869 was organized it was found necessary to procure some experienced singers who might sing the solos and otherwise lead the grand chorus. The same necessity was apparent in connection with the great festival of 1872, and long since the committee sent out a number of ornate invitations addressed to scores of the prominent vocalists, male and female, not only in this city and vicinity, but to various other places in America, inviting them to come and take a prominent part in the great festival of song.

##### THE JUBILEE BADGES.

The executive committee badge is a harp suspended by a white satin ribbon from the pin of a scroll, bearing the words, "World's Peace Jubilee," with "Executive Committee," in blue enamel upon the bars. Upon the ribbon are the words, "Boston W. P. J." in monogram, and "June, July, 1872," in gold letters. The badge of the Press committee is a medallion of the heads of Guttenberg, Faust, and Schaeffer surrounded by a wreath at the bottom, while above is a scroll with the words, "World's Peace Jubilee." Above is a tasty scroll suspended from a pin, bearing the words, "Press Committee," in letters of blue enamel. The ribbon is blue satin and bears a harp in gold. The city council committee badge is a medallion of the city, ornamented on the lower side by a wreath, while above are books, a burning lucernula surmounting the whole. This badge has a scroll with the words, "World's Peace Jubilee" above it, and is suspended from a pin, lettered "Boston City Council Committee," in blue enamel. The ribbon of this badge is magenta. The badge with which the visiting members of the Press are decorated is quite similar to the badge used at the Jubilee of 1869, and represents a shield bearing the words, "World's Peace Jubilee, 1872," surrounded by a wreath which is upheld by a dove. Beneath the shield are two quills crossed and the word "Press." The whole design is nicely printed in gilt on a blue ribbon, which depends from a gilt bar, and a gilt eagle completes the badge and serves as a fastener.

##### THE SELECT ORCHESTRA.

This body will be composed of the very best musicians taken from the whole number, who will be called upon to interpret the highest class of music, and in its formation the following general proportion as to instruments will be observed:

First Violins .....	200
Second Violins .....	150
Violas .....	100
Violoncellos .....	100
Double Basses .....	100
Flutes .....	24
Clarinettes .....	24
Oboes .....	20
French Horns .....	24
Trumpets .....	24
Trombones .....	24
Tubas .....	24
Tympanies (pairs) .....	6
Small Drums .....	4
Bass Drums .....	2
Monster Bass Drum .....	1
Triangles .....	2

This will make a total of 825, and Johann Strauss's Vienna Orchestra of 50 pieces will swell the aggregate of the grand select orchestra to 885 instruments. It is the intention to enlarge this body even beyond the limit mentioned, if other first-class instrumentalists can be secured before the Jubilee closes, which very likely will be done.

##### LE GARDE REPUBLICAINE,

Of France, sends its band, an organization whose name has been subject to change with the different forms of national government. Nearly all of the men wear decorations—some who served in the Crimean war displaying the medal presented by Queen Victoria, while others exhibit the medals which they won in the battles of the Empire. The Chef de Music, M. Paulus, is decorated with the cross of the Order of the Empire. This gentleman visited the United States with the Prince de Joinville many years ago. The second leader of the band is also decorated. They were well received by the Jubilee Committee on their arrival in Boston.

##### TRAVELING ACCOMMODATIONS.

The Stonington line of steamboats offers the most enjoyable facilities of travel between New York and Boston during the Jubilee season. The officers have made special preparations for excursion trips; and their unexceptional courtesy is a sufficient guarantee that their guests will secure a delightful sail. Few of our readers need be reminded of the choice scenery of the route; but to strangers from the South and West we can promise a pleasure by this line not attainable by another.

**Accommodations.**—There were groups of boys on various corners, laughing, shouting, and exploding fire-crackers—all with a boundless hilarity. As we proceeded, the sounds of the firing grew louder

#### OLD LOVE.

THE broad-sword loses its glitter  
As it hangs in the ancient hall,  
Rusted and blunt grows the keen-edged blade,  
That once so gallant a champion made,

As it gleamed from the castle wall.

The jewel loses its lustre

As it lies in its velvet nest;

Till dull and dim is the good red gold,

That showed such a royal light of old,

As it flashed from a beauty's breast.

The blue eye loses its power

As age comes creeping on;

The fair form droops from its stately grace,

The roses fly from the careworn face,

The charm from the trembling tone.

and more frequent. A turn at a corner brought us out upon the public square, where a crowd of people were busily engaged in making the noise, but not so entirely occupied but that some of them stopped to stare at us, whenever the smoke lifted or floated away.

At first I was frightened at the noise of the anvil, the smoke, the strange, powder-grimed faces of the men, and the unfriendly stare of rough boys, who maliciously tossed fire-crackers at my feet, and laughed uproariously to see me jump with alarm when they exploded. How I clung to my father's hand for protection! and how soothingly came his words, "Don't be afraid, my boy!" as he looked down upon me with just an indication of a smile about his lips.

I was brave enough, after each of such encouragements, to go just a little nearer the gathering, that I might have a good look at the roaring anvil, and see what sort of a creature it was; for to me the noises and their cause were something new and strange in my little life. In fact, after a few minutes, I quite enjoyed the affair; though why it all existed was a subject concerning which I was profoundly ignorant. All I cared about was the tremendous uproar, the causing of which seemed to make so many people, large and small, supremely happy.

With the ultimate rising of the sun, the crowd increased; and good little boys, neatly dressed, came carefully to the boundaries of the square, and regarded the scene with longing looks, until swooped down upon by frantic mothers, or frightened nurses. I noticed all these things with childish curiosity, and longed to know, personally, all the dirty, wild lads running about without restraint, that I might the more freely do as they were doing. I even hinted that much to my father, and met with the suggestion that I had better wait a year or two before blowing off my fingers, or singeing my hair, or committing many other awkward deeds against my person.

He was unusually grave and silent that morning, regarding the scene before him with a steady but unseeing look, that indicated, as I now think, an utter unmindfulness of what was transpiring around him. These incidents thus mentioned are vividly remembered, because of the tragedy they immediately preceded, and upon which I dwelt, in future years, with almost daily recurring grief and sorrow. His words, looks, and actions, at the time, were deeply impressed upon my mind by subsequent meditations; and I am therefore able to recall them with painful distinctness. For many weary years I felt sure that we were strangers in a strange place, intending to stop there but a short time; and it has ever appeared to me that some great trouble was then oppressing my father—a trouble from the cause of which he seemed to be struggling to escape, with no other success than to leave it to me as an intangible legacy of misery.

My father called me to his side, from which I had become bold enough to wander a few feet, and took my hand with a tight, warm clasp, bidding me give a last look around, as we must go or be left by the coach. The words had scarcely left his lips, when the very air seemed rent asunder by a tremendous noise. A cloud of smoke arose like a huge pillar. I saw men and boys running, and heard their shrieks and cries. A terrible cry came from my father; his hand closed violently over my own, causing me intense agony; then loosened its hold, and, as I looked up, his body swayed away from me, and fell heavily upon the grass, resting there as quietly as if he were asleep. Though frightened beyond expression at what I had beheld, I ran instinctively to his head, and vainly tried to lift it. Then I began to smooth back the heavy hair, crying bitterly all the while, and sobbing out that little wail of despair, "Papa, papa, papa!" without response in word or motion. A crowd of people quickly gathered about. I remember how white and solemn they were as they looked down upon us.

"What's the matter?" asked a man, trying to force his way through the circle.

"Th' anvil's bust," answered some one, huskily, "an' I guess it's killed the man. Looks like it."

"Horrible, horrible!"

"Who is he?" asked another, in a low voice. "Don't know. He is a stranger; came last night in the coach," was the answer.

Now three men came forward. One of them caught me up in his arms to carry me away, against which I struggled and begged unsuccessfully. As he pushed his way along, my head on his shoulder, looking backward, I saw them move the body of my father, so that his face, ghastly white, was turned toward the sky. I saw—oh, horrible picture of death!—a huge gaping wound in his breast, through which had torn a piece of iron, stopping for ever the beating of the only heart that loved or cared for me. With this vision of sudden death before my eyes, I was borne away, shrieking with terror, and set down on the steps of a church, to be instantly surrounded by a number of children—all standing at a distance, as if I were a dangerous creature—yet who regarded me with pitying faces. A little later, across the village green labored men, carrying away the body. After them I, forgotten, ran, crying bitterly in desolation.

#### CHAPTER II.—WHO AM I?

NOW, it came to pass as I ran and stumbled and sobbed along the street after the constantly increasing crowd, which proceeded on its way with awful silence, considering how gay and noisy it had been a few minutes previously, somebody's hand fell upon my shoulder, and a soft, kind voice, close at my ear, asked:

"What are you crying about, my little fellow?"

"My papa!" I sobbed, with a wail of grief that made him catch me up in his arms and push my hair from my face, the better to see what I was like. I could not help noticing his

round, rosy face, with a little tuft of grayish whiskers under each ear, as I looked at him through my tears.

"There! Don't cry any more!" he urged, wiping away with his handkerchief the tears that filled my eyes. "We'll pick up your papa in a jiffy. Where did you leave him? Which way did he go?"

I pointed toward the crowd, now a considerable distance away, and began to cry harder than ever because I was so far behind.

"Well, well, I declare!" exclaimed the man. "You're a regular baby! Whose boy are you?"

"Papa's boy?"

"Pshaw! I don't mean that," he said, with a little laugh. "Now, what's your name?"

"Ralph."

"Ralph what? What's the other name? Speak quickly, like a good little boy."

"I ain't got any other name. I want my papa!" I cried, still sobbing broken-heartedly. "Oh, dear! What a little dunce you are!" he impatiently declared. "You'll know your father when you see him, I suppose?"

With that he half flung me over his shoulder and started on a brisk walk to overtake the crowd. We came to a halt in front of a drug-store.

"Now," said my carrier, "can you point out your father?"

Of course I could not do it, as I saw no signs of the body. Missing that, I almost choked with grief, and made my good friend wild with my lamentations. The people, hearing my outcries, surrounded us.

"Why, that's his boy, Penn. I saw them together," said a man, in a low voice, addressing the one who held me.

"Whose boy?" asked the man called Penn.

"The dead man's, in there," answered the other, pointing over his shoulder with his thumb toward the store.

"Ah! he's dead, then?" inquired Penn.

"Decidedly!" was the reply. "They're holding a 'quest'."

"Who was he?"

"I don't know. Don't think any one ever saw him before he came to the tavern last night. Splendid-looking man! Hole as big as a flowerpot right through his chest. Ach! Horrible! I say, what'll ye do with the little 'un'?"

"Do with him? He isn't mine. I picked him up, and'll put him down; but if Betsy were alive I'd keep him until called for. But I ain't sure about Mrs. Blegg. I don't like to take a chick to a hawk's nest. Ha, ha!"

Mr. Penn, having relieved his mind of what were, possibly, dregs of a laugh, proceeded to set me on my feet, and wiped his face. This release gave me an opportunity to escape; and I was making my way through the crowd toward the store, smothering my sounds of grief for fear of being stopped, when once more Mr. Penn's hand came down upon me.

"You just stay with me, my boy!" he said, in a kind voice. "It's no place for you in there. You're a nice-looking little fellow, and we'll face Mrs. Blegg. Come!" taking me by the hand.

"I want my papa!" I cried, holding back, not comprehending what was meant by death, yet knowing, from what I had seen and heard, that something terrible had occurred.

"Of course you do," conceded Mr. Penn, soothingly; "but as soon as he can get away he'll come after you, or send for you, perhaps. Just now you'd be awfully bothersome. You wouldn't be that, would you?" trying to lead me out of the group that surrounded us.

But I had my suspicions, and was not to be coaxed away. To settle the trouble, he picked me up from the walk and carried me off in the same fashion that he had brought me there—in his arms—doing his best to quiet me and stop the flood of tears and paroxysms of grief consequent more upon the separation from my father than of any knowledge of my great loss. As he stalked away I, looking over his shoulders, saw through my tears a tawny brick building with a large gilt mortar and pestle in front, and a shifting, humming crowd gathered like bees at the door of the drug-store.

But I had my suspicions, and was not to be coaxed away. To settle the trouble, he picked me up from the walk and carried me off in the same fashion that he had brought me there—in his arms—doing his best to quiet me and stop the flood of tears and paroxysms of grief consequent more upon the separation from my father than of any knowledge of my great loss. As he stalked away I, looking over his shoulders, saw through my tears a tawny brick building with a large gilt mortar and pestle in front, and a shifting, humming crowd gathered like bees at the door of the drug-store.

My sensitive nature rebelled at being subjected to looks and touches quite beyond the necessities of the case. My grief was augmented by the desolate loneliness in which I suddenly found myself.

Mr. Penn had walked, it seemed to me, at least two miles, when he opened a gate in front of a large stone building with iron bars at all the windows, and a smaller house adjacent. A little girl of about my own size and age ran to meet him; but when she noticed his burden she walked slowly behind us, making horrible grimaces at me, who watched her with childlike fear and wonder.

"Here's a nice little playmate for you, Miss Tillie," he said, putting me down on my feet and taking tight hold of my hand, as if he were afraid I would run away, or shoot up into the air like rocket.

"I don't want him!" replied the girl, in a sharp, squeaking voice. "You jes' take him away, Jacob Penn, you mean old thing!"

Jacob laughed quite hard at her emphatic outspokenness.

"Never you go off so quick, Tillie! You'll like him, I dare say. He's a poor little fellow. Ah! morning, Mrs. Blegg! This is a sad Fourth of July for one man! You've heard about it, of course!"

Mrs. Blegg, who was a short, thick-set woman of forty years old, or thereabouts, with gray eyes, broad face, long, sharp nose, and wide mouth with very thin lips, intimated that she

hadn't heard about it. Why should she, when she did nothing but slave from morning till night in working for Richard Blegg, with no one to tell her the news, but a weekly newspaper that Mr. Blegg didn't take, and she had to borrow?

So Mr. Penn had to tell the story of my father's death, and how I was left without a friend or acquaintance in the town, so far as was known. At this recital my wounds opened afresh, and much to Mrs. Blegg's disgust, I began to cry with renewed energy and such effective vigor as to bring a laugh to the mouth of the little girl, who stood staring at me with all her might. This tearful outburst of mine aroused the indignation of Mrs. Blegg, who seized Tillie by her ear, and with such a force of compression as to send her howling into the house. Then, turning to me as if with a desire to shake me, told me to stop my noise, with a look and a click of the jaws that plainly said, If you don't, I'll teach you a way to do it. This treatment effectually frightened me into silence. I had been unaccustomed to anything but kindness from my father, so far as my memory served me; and this attack by a woman made me dumb.

"Well, Ralph, I guess we'd better be movin'!" soliloquized Penn, taking me by the hand and fanning himself vigorously with his hat, as he turned to depart.

"Now, where ye going with that baby, Jacob Penn?" demanded the woman, snatching at my hand. "Ye ain't a-going to take him away to your den? No, no! I'm too much of a mother to stand by silently and see that done. Jes' you wait till Richard comes home, and we hold a confab. Come here, sonny, and see me!"

She half knelt, and held out her hands to me; but her looks and words and actions had struck terror to my heart, and I clung tenaciously to the legs of my protector—an act which seemed to please him mightily, for he caught me in his arms and gave me a sounding kiss.

"Take him into the house, Jacob, and leave him with Tillie! She'll amuse him!"

"Abuse him!" growled Penn.

"What's that you say?" demanded Mrs. Blegg, coming close to him, as if to give him what she had already bestowed upon Tillie and myself.

"Oh, she can amuse him, I was about to say. He needs something to make him forget this morning. I'll go hunt up Blegg. Be a good boy, Ralph. I'll be back soon."

He waited until Mrs. Blegg had taken me inside the door, where she secretly shook me—because she did not seem to know what else to do for me—and put me into a room with Tillie, who told me in a burst of confidence, after we were better acquainted that day, that the next building was a jail, and her father the sheriff, and that he could lock me up in the dark any time he pleased, which made so deep an impression on my mind that I awaited his coming with fear and trembling.

At dinner-time we—Tillie and myself—were summoned to the meal by a bell. Nobody was in the room but Mrs. Blegg, who was engaged in rolling down and trying to hook her sleeves—an undertaking of so much difficulty as to cause her to mutter, more than once, a word that sounded very much like a homeopathic swear. Hardly were we seated when I walked Jacob, who stooped to pat my head and whisper a kindly word in my ear. There was a silence of a minute or two, during which Tillie amused herself by kicking Jacob's shins under the table, while I contemplated my surroundings. The walls were covered with a dingy brown paper, with bouquets of red flowers chasing one another in gaudy confusion. There were pictures of horses of all colors, in all sorts of vehicles and out of them; there were two or three engraved heads of notorious criminals, as I afterward learned; a sketch of the jail, and a silhouette of Mrs. Blegg's mother, looking with her huge ruffled cap like a deformed beet, with the roots upward. I was busily studying another engraving (which Jacob, pitying my ignorance, whispered to me had been a beautiful execution in the city), when the door into the hall was opened, and there strutted in a man with a good round stomach that acted as a stretcher to his clothes, a glowing face, and a long, flat, turn-up nose, that, when he rubbed it, had a loose, flabby quiver quite comical to behold. He was not very tall, and the inclination of his body when walking was backward to such a degree that his uprightness became to him a matter of severe muscular exertion.

"Ah! who's this?" he asked, catching sight of me, and coming around the table, and softly stroking my hair with his hand.

"Now don't keep us waiting any longer, Richard. Take your seat and help," cried Mrs. Blegg, in a sharp voice.

"Have you forgotten that this is a day of liberty, of freedom, of do-as-you-please?" suggested the new-comer, oratorically, hurrying, nevertheless, in a hen-pecked way, to his seat. "This day, Mrs. Blegg, is commemorative—ahem!"

"Will you help the victuals or not?" demanded Mrs. Blegg, cutting short his discourse.

"Certainly," harpooning a potato to begin with. "Whew! Might I remark, Mrs. Blegg—dear Mrs. Blegg!—that it is my wish that our forefathers had fixed on a cooler—"

"Never mind the speech, Blegg, and take that potato out of your lap! Jacob, will you help? The sun, or something else I might mention, has warmed Richard's brains as well as his body."

"Oh! he's coming around," remarked Jacob, laughing. "He's only getting rid of his dry humor, mum."

"Quite right, Penn, quite right!" said Mr. Blegg, assuringly, with a twist of his left eye, first at Penn, then at myself. His look was so comical as to cause me to laugh alone.

"What are you laughing at, little boy?" he demanded in a bass voice, that seemed to

emanate from a spot just beneath the lowest button of his vest. This sudden and unexpected change of manner hurt my feelings and brought the tears to my eyes. To this condition of mind was very suddenly added the memory of what Tillie had said about her father's ability to put me in jail, joined by the sad recollection that my father was gone, and I was alone and desolate. With this quick review of my affairs, I began to cry in earnest, and with a childish agony that cannot be told. I was scarcely more than a baby in years, and, so far as I remembered, never before left by my father with strangers. The happiness of the bright early morning was gone; I alone

remained.

"Hush!" impatiently commanded Mr. Blegg. "No whining at my table, little boy. Where did he come from, Penn?" he added, after a short silence, during which my sobs were only half smothered.

"He is the son of the man who was killed this morning," answered Mr. Penn, very gravely, and with pitying looks at me.

"No?"

"Sure."

"Devilish queer, that man's death!" continued Mr. Blegg, in a solemn whisper, which I plainly overheard, however.

"Do you know, we couldn't find no papers on him or in his trunk; so we didn't know where he was a-going or where he come from. We knew a boy came with him to the tavern last night, but he wasn't to be found. So he is the young un? How did he get here, Penn?"

Penn intimated that he himself brought me there, because he pitied the poor little fellow, and didn't like to see or hear him cry."

"Quite natural, and very like you, Penn. Little boy, do you know your name?" he asked, in a softened way.

"I don't know."

"Have you a mother?" asked Mrs. Blegg.

"I don't know, ma'am."

"Tell me where you lived, then, like a good little boy!" said Mr. Blegg, putting down his knife and fork, and leaning over the table toward me. "We want to find your friends, to send you to them, you know. Can't you tell me?"

"We didn't live anywhere; we kept riding in the wagon," I meekly replied.

"Very good, my boy. Sarah, we'll keep him till called for. He shall be Tillie's brother. Won't that be nice?" to Tillie and me.

I nodded my little heavy head, but Tillie declared in a whisper she would pinch me black and blue, and opened hostilities by a violent kick at my leg, which luckily missed the mark.

Just at this point, I heard Mr. Blegg whisper to his wife:

"We found a thousand dollars on him; it'll pay for his keeping, Sarah."

And Mrs. Blegg said, "Hush!" with a warning look toward me.

"I'm puzzled somewhat," spoke Penn, meditatively, "as to making out who's who in this case. I'm afraid there's trouble. Looks a leetle scaly when a man don't carry his name with him, mind that!" and so saying, he scooped up a small mountain of potato on his knife, and dumped it into his mouth.

"Don't worry, Jacob," Mrs. Blegg advised, in a tone meant to be sarcastic.

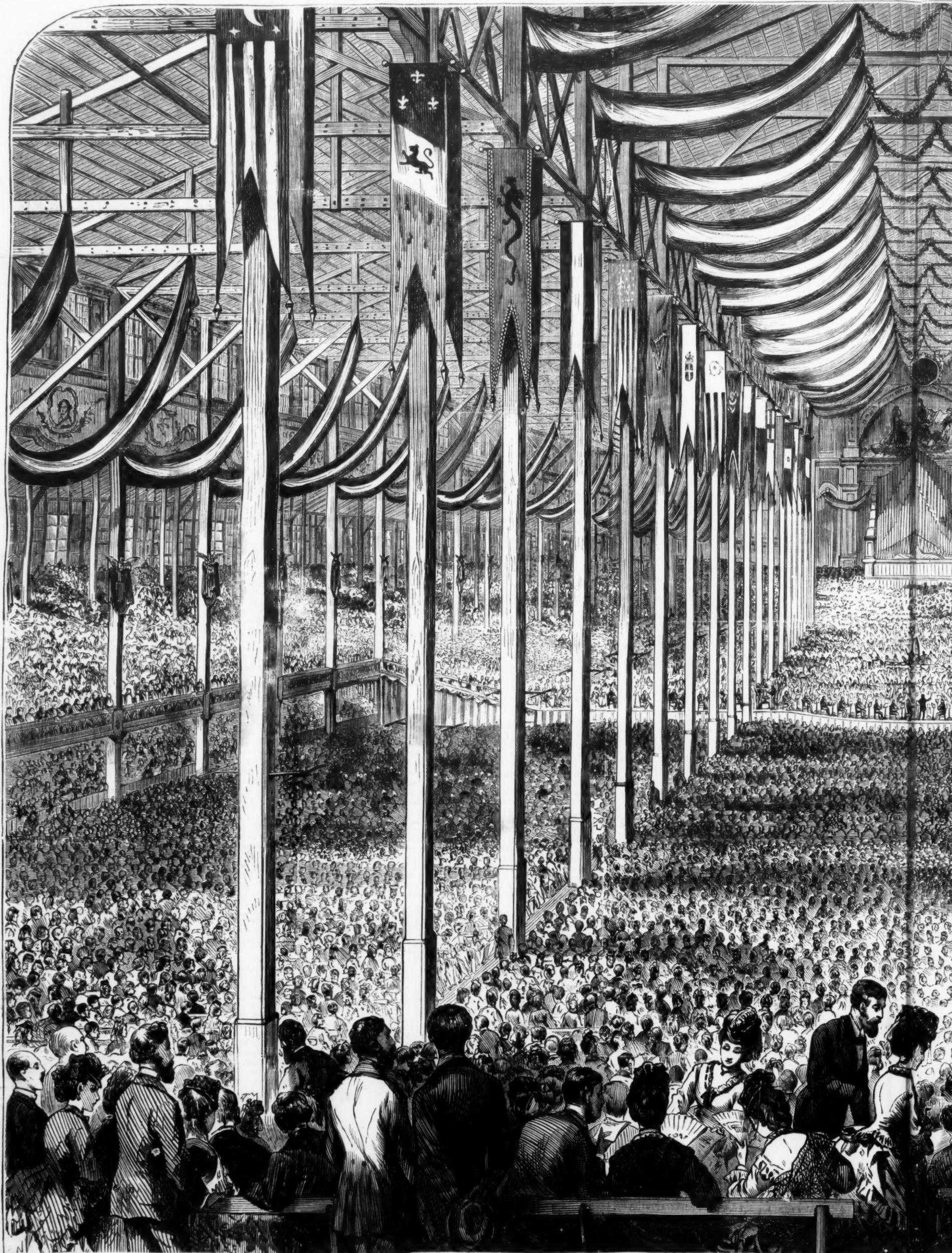
"Oh, no!—it's no business of mine. But what'll we call the boy? Just now he's very much like a handle without a jug."

"Why, of course, he must have a name!" said Blegg. "Mother, you fire away at the mark first!"

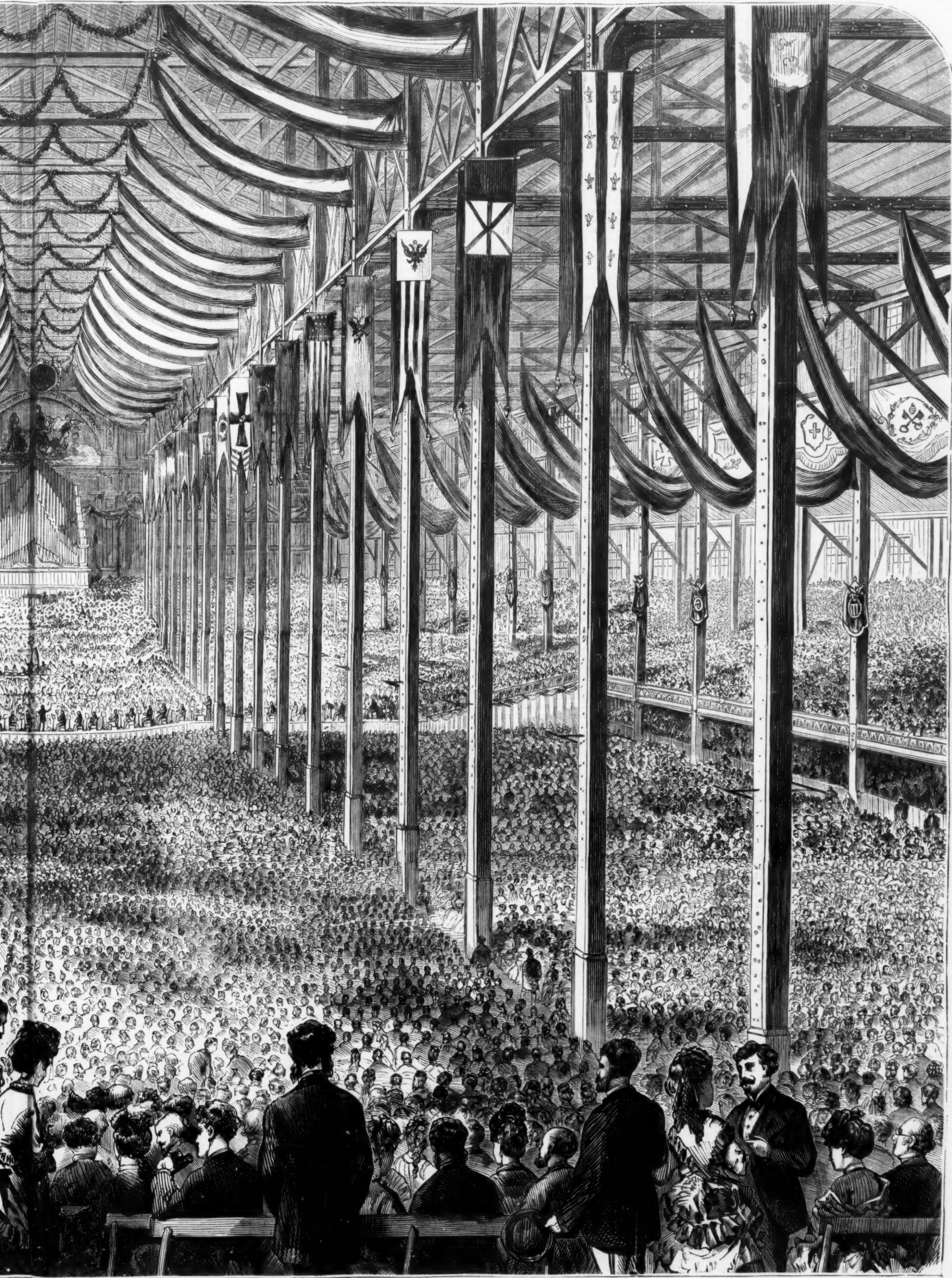
"Who was I, Richard?" she demanded, leaning back in her chair.

"Ah! as sweet a girl as ever lived," exclaimed Blegg, "and like wine—"

"Well!" cried Mrs. Blegg.



THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT COLISEUM BUILDING IN BOSTON, AT THE OPENING OF T



NIGHT OF THE EXERCISES, MONDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1872.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. J. RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 245.

## CHEER UP!

THREE sighs for life—for the bitter cup ;  
Three heart-wrung sighs from a wretch hard up,  
A sigh for the past with its golden hue,  
A sigh for the present's wreath of rue,  
And a sigh for the future's dreary view.

Despairing here in the streets I stand,  
Looking vain for a friendly hand  
Thrust from the pave by the busy throng,  
As the leaf in the streamlet's sweep along—  
A waif of life in a current strong.

Art and luxury, reveling, mirth,  
Wealth from the furthest ends of earth,  
Seem as in mockery tempting spread  
Round a shivering wretch lacking daily bread,  
Shelter and rest for an aching head.

Faint not ! For the gloom which thy spirit shrouds  
May fade away, as the Summer clouds  
In the warmth and light of a sunny day.  
Hope beckons still through this thorny way ;  
Trudge on, and in strength to thy spirit say—

"Cheer up!"

## MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY  
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

## CHAPTER XXI.

**A**T this instant a great confusion rose from below ; I threw open the door, and heard Richard Phelps cry : "Secure the murderer ; don't let him escape !"

There was a rush of feet ; then I heard Roland's voice :

"Take me—do what you please. At least I have rescued your other victim, Richard Phelps. Do your worst now."

"The his hands!" shouted Richard ; "he shall not escape again."

Ruth and I raised Mabel Dunning between us, and forced her to the head of the stairs. I could look down into the lower hall—see the throng of frightened servants—Roland standing motionless between two men—the old clergyman and two or three invited guests staring in mute horror at the scene.

"He shall not escape!" repeated Phelps.

"This time the murderer shall meet his fate."

"He shall indeed," I cried, in a loud voice.

"Richard Phelps, look up ; the accuser and the witness are here!"

My voice roused the whole group. Richard Phelps saw me, realized at a glance the ruin which had overtaken him in his hour of triumph, and staggered back into a chair, not attempting to move or speak.

We passed down the stairs, supporting Mabel Dunning. The sight of so many familiar faces made her comprehend at length that she was indeed free, and a new strength nerved her feeble frame.

They rushed forward to meet us with eager questions and wild confusion. It must have been a strange picture—I in that bridal attire, disordered and torn, Ruth weeping aloud, and that pallid captive wakened into fresh life by this evidence of her freedom.

Roland caught my hand and stood silent, not able to comprehend what had happened, fairly stunned by my exultant cry :

"You are safe—safe!"

"Safe!" echoed Ruth. "Thank God—thank God!"

The old clergyman was the first to come to his senses.

"Stand back, all of you," he said ; "let this woman speak—it is Mabel Dunning!"

"She knows the secret of Harry Phelps's death," I explained. "For three years she has been a prisoner in the tower. I liberated her myself—let her speak."

Richard Phelps made one last desperate effort to avert the thunderbolt swooping down upon him.

"She is a crazy woman," he cried ; "her evidence is worth nothing ; the physician will be here presently, to prove that she is out of her mind."

"I am not crazy, Richard Phelps," returned Mabel, no longer shrinking or afraid. "You have tried to make me so ; you were going to shut me up in a safer prison—but I am not mad ! I have been imprisoned, drugged, starved, but I have kept my senses through all these years ! I remember everything ; I can tell now."

They crowded about her, and there she stood in her newly found strength, and poured forth the revelations which brought Richard Phelps's crimes home to him and left Roland's honor unstained.

I shall not repeat the story in the broken words in which she told it then : I shall write it down in the connected manner in which she afterward narrated it, when time had restored her mind to composure, and the security of freedom began to deaden the horror of that long imprisonment :

"I had been living in this house for a year ; Mrs. Phelps was my second cousin, though I had seen very little of her before I came here. I was an orphan, with just money enough to be educated with great care as a teacher. The way I happened to be living with Adelaide was this : I was out of a situation, and I wrote to her, asking if she could help me to obtain a place as governess ; she invited me to come and stay with her, adding that if we did not find the arrangement mutually satisfactory, I could at least remain until I established myself.

"She was very good-natured and considerate. Mr. Harry Phelps was exceedingly kind, and I was content and happy—the place really seemed like home. Richard returned about a month after my arrival. You can imagine what an effect that man's fascinations had upon a girl like me.

"I was only nineteen—a romantic, visionary creature—and I seized upon this new dream without a moment's thought of all the trouble

it might bring me. He loved me for the time—one of those wild fancies which made him more reckless than ever—but my very innocence protected me.

"The weeks grew into months, and there was no cloud to darken my happiness. Roland Weston came sometimes to stay at the house, but Mrs. Phelps and Richard hated him with all the force of which they were capable, and never missed an opportunity of prejudicing his uncle against him.

"The time went by, still I remained, and at last Mr. Harry Phelps told me that I should never teach again. I was to live here, be a companion for Adelaide, and cheer them all by my youth. He was very kind to me, and I felt an affection and reverence for him beyond the power of words to express. Oh, he was a good, good man !

"Neither he nor Mrs. Phelps dreamed of the state of affairs between Richard and myself. He told me if they discovered that he loved me I would be driven ignominiously from the house—that his uncle had set his heart on marrying him to some young lady in New York, and he, Richard, dared not yet oppose him. We must wait patiently ; when the proper moment arrived he would tell both his uncle and mother that he loved me, and was determined that no other woman should be his wife.

"But other troubles than this concealment, and the feeling of treachery toward my generous friends, assailed me. I discovered that Richard was frightfully dissipated ; in spite of his mother's care, the knowledge came to his uncle. Mr. Harry had no patience whatever in a case like that, and though he had always loved and petted his nephew like an own son, they began now to have fearful quarrels.

"Richard's temper, always bad enough, grew absolutely uncontrollable. He was so reckless, so insulting, that I could see he was rapidly wearing out his uncle's affection, strong as it was.

"But it was worse than useless for me to say a word ; it only led to estrangements between Richard and me, and they pained me so cruelly, that I could not run the risk of offending him.

"The year went by ; the end drew near. Richard and his mother had gone away for a few days on a visit. During their absence Roland came to the house and staid. Mr. Phelps was just then very angry with Richard, and I could see that he began to remark the difference between the young men—that his heart turned toward Roland as it had never before done.

"But I loved Richard—his faults could not change me—I was a woman ! When Mr. Phelps talked with me, as he often did now, freely and confidently, I defended Richard, and did everything in my power to keep his uncle patient with him.

"The mother and son came back. They saw what had happened during their absence, and Richard began to plot his cousin's ruin. In a certain way I exonerate Mrs. Phelps. I mean that all her after wrong-doing was forced upon her by her love for her son and her desire to save him. It was weak, wicked, but she was his mother ; it would have been too much to ask her to betray him.

"Mr. Phelps lost a large sum of money. Search was made for it. Richard said that it was right, if the servants' boxes were to be looked over, that his mother's, mine, his own and Roland's should be, too. Some bank-notes were found in a secret drawer of Roland's dressing-case. Mr. Phelps had a list of the numbers of the notes he had lost, and these were among them.

"There was a terrible scene ; no one would believe Roland innocent, and he was driven from the house. I supposed him guilty, and I began to think better of Richard, because his faults were at least open and acknowledged—anything was better than hypocrisy.

"A month went by, and then I woke from my dream of happiness for ever. I learned to know Richard Phelps as he really was, and to despise him from my very soul. I determined to leave the house, and began making efforts to procure a situation. I hated myself for having been so blinded by my own romantic folly ; every womanly sentiment of purity and self-respect rose up to help me to throw off the last influence of my dream, and I had no feeling left toward the man but contempt and aversion.

"One day I met Richard in the upper hall ; I hardly spoke to him during these days, and he had begun to hate me, when he found that I knew him thoroughly and understood all the wickedness he had contemplated. He wanted Ruth Byerson. He was dressing to go out ; a button had come off his waistcoat, and he must have it sewed on at once. He was always in a great hurry, and very impatient, and just now he was making as much commotion as a spoiled child. I offered to sew on the button, and took the waistcoat into my own room to do it.

"When I had finished, I looked to see if there were any other repairs needed. The lining of an inside pocket was torn, and I turned it out to mend it. As I did so, a bank-note that had lodged under the pocket fell out. I picked it up and unfolded it. It was one of the list which his uncle had lost.

"I understood everything then. Richard

had stolen the money, and had laid a portion of it in Roland's desk, that he might be suspected. I put the pocket in order, went into the hall again, and gave him the waistcoat. Some young man had driven up to the house, and was waiting for him, and he was in desperate haste. I waited until he was gone, then I went down into Mr. Phelps's library and told him the whole story. He seemed more pleased by the proof of Roland's innocence than troubled by this evidence of the worthlessness of his former favorite.

"Richard had started for Albany, and would not be back till the latter part of the week. Mr. Phelps bade me keep the secret, while he instituted inquiries which should fully fasten

not move. I was paralyzed with horror. I saw Richard bend over him and lay one hand on his heart. I heard him mutter :

"He's dead—he's dead ! That will—that will !

"He sprang up and hurried away. As he ran off, I saw Roland approach the lake by another path. Richard caught sight of him. I have often since heard him boast that he formed his whole iniquitous plan in a second. He dashed on toward the house, and I followed. I could not wait even to speak to Roland. I thought Richard only wanted to get possession of the will, and I would thwart him yet.

"I ran toward the tower. The hall-door had been left unlocked by Mr. Phelps, and I made my way into the library. The gas was turned off. I had to hunt for matches, and light it. I must have taken more time than I thought ; and I had to search for a key to the secretary, which I knew Mr. Phelps kept in the table-drawer.

"As Richard did not appear, I supposed that he had gone to call assistance ; but anxious as I was to know whether Mr. Phelps was living or dead, I felt that my first duty was to put that will in a place of safety.

"I wrenched the drawer open at last. I found the will. I could not think what to do with it ; then I remembered that Mr. Phelps had once shown me a secret drawer at the back, which he said no one knew of but himself.

"It was in this drawer that the will was found. The heroic girl kept her secret through all those weary years of imprisonment. In spite of threats and suffering—harder still, in spite of the promise of freedom offered her if she would give it up.)

"I pushed the secretary out, found the drawer, put the will in, and closed it. I had shoved the secretary into place again, and was turning to go, when I saw Richard standing in the door.

"What are you doing here?" he exclaimed.

"Roland Weston has murdered my uncle."

"Then I understood his plot. I cried out :

"It is false ! I saw him fall dead ! Let me go—I will speak !

"He caught hold of me with a fearful oath.

"You came here to get the will," he said.

"You want to betray me—you shall never have the power."

"He opened the door that led up the staircase ; he dragged me along—through the bedroom, up the secret stairs, to the third floor, and flung me so violently forward into the room, that I must have fainted.

"When I came to myself, he was gone. I shrieked with all my force until my voice was lost—I beat upon the walls—I made the most horrible tumult ; if I had been shut in a grave, I could not have been further from human assistance. My strength failed ; I fell back on the floor again. I must have lain there for hours, for, when I recovered my senses, the sun was shining in through the skylight.

"At length Richard Phelps came up into the chamber. He told me that I was a prisoner for life—that I could never escape while he lived. He poured out his plans with reckless violence, glad to gratify his hatred. He said that Roland had been carried to jail. He had written a letter in Roland's hand, and put it in my room. People would either believe that he had killed me, too, or that I had known of the contemplated murder, and gone away to join him after he made his escape.

"Then Mrs. Phelps came. She was not unkind, but she was pitiless. She would not risk her son's fortune and safety by any effort to help me. Roland might perish on the scaffold—I might linger on in a living death in that prison. She would not speak.

"Every arrangement was made for my secure confinement. I could have light and fire from the gas ; a store of provisions was placed in the closets, so that they need run no risk by daily bringing me food. I had vegetables, biscuits, tea, everything that was really necessary to my subsistence. The water ran up to the second floor of the tower, and each day Mrs. Phelps brought me a supply. She did everything in her power to make me comfortable—gave me books, drawing-utensils, and protected me from Richard, who, I believe, would have starved me if she had permitted.

"There I lived, if you can call that torture life. Richard wanted to send me to an insane asylum, but his mother would not allow it. She said that I had my reason perfectly, and she would not commit another crime. I did have my reason ; but after the first passion and terror, and the apathy which followed, were gone, I was subject to hysterical attacks which were like insanity. During the last year they grew upon me more and more, and it often seemed to me that my shrieks must be heard below.

"Mrs. Phelps told me when Roland escaped. I was in a state of such anguish that she relented enough for that ; but Richard was furious at her doing it. I suppose he thought it would be an added inducement to make me try to live and get away. He treated me more and more cruelly when he found that I would not give up the will, and threatened me with a mad-house, until I was nearly beside myself.

"I knew how long I was kept there—Mrs. Phelps told me. They often talked freely in my presence—quarreled dreadfully sometimes. I knew when Miss Vaughn arrived at the house. I was certain that they feared her hearing me one night when I shrieked more loudly than ever, for Richard came up and threatened to kill me if I did not keep still. He pointed a knife at my throat, and I went so mad, that I bit his hand until it bled.

"Oh ! I can never tell how the months and years dragged on ! God mercifully spared my life to complete this work. I think it was a belief that He would, which kept me from insanity or death ! I believed also in His mercy—in spite of my misery, I never doubted that."

I have written Mabel Dunning's story down clearly, but I can give you no idea of the im-

"I'll be revenged on her and on that whelp," retorted Richard. "As for you—how are you better than I ? Look at your own life, and don't preach to me."

"I suppose Mr. Phelps had been a very gay man in his youth. The death of the girl to whom he had been engaged had always filled him with remorse, and Richard taunted him with that ; called him a murderer ; excited him to such a pitch that he attempted to strike Richard. I saw his face change in the moonlight. I knew that he was about to have a rush of blood to the head, such as I had twice witnessed, and the last time the doctor said another attack might prove fatal.

"I was about to start up, when I saw him reel ; heard a groan ; he fell heavily to the ground, striking his left temple against the edge of a great stone. There was one other stifled groan, and he lay still. I could

pression which her first broken account had upon her listeners.

Before we had recovered from the stupor of horror into which we had fallen, we saw Adelalde Phelps creep into the room and approach her wretched son, who had sat there all the while in stolid silence. The ruling passion of her life was as strong as ever; she would still cling to that miserable man.

They surrounded Roland with congratulations, and it was not until Richard Phelps rose and attempted to leave the room that any one remembered him.

"Stop him!" the clergyman said—"he must not escape."

"Let him go to his chamber," Roland pleaded; "it is cruel to keep him here—he cannot get away."

Richard gave him one last glance of impotent hatred, and passed out of the apartment, followed by his mother.

While the confusion was at its height, and before the officers who had been sent for arrived, Richard Phelps escaped. Roland went to him, gave him a letter to Captain Sykes, and told him how to reach the cottage by the path through the wood. The criminal was safe.

I may end these records here.

Adelalde Phelps followed her son to Europe. The annuity which her brother-in-law had left her would have permitted her to live in affluence had she been alone, but we knew that Richard's rapacity would swallow it up, and all which Roland sent her into the bargain.

The poor woman's trial was not a long one. Before the close of the second year, Richard Phelps was killed in a drunken brawl, and his unfortunate mother only survived him by a few months.

I cannot think harshly of her memory. Every sin that she committed was forced upon her by her intense love for her son, which would have induced her to dare anything to secure his safety and happiness, or even to make him treat her with a show of affection and kindness.

What shall I say to you of my after life? I cannot picture to you its constant, its perfect bliss. The sky had cleared, the day had broken, and amid its splendor, Roland Weston and I went thankfully forward to the new joy and peace which awaited us.

The house was torn down—the place sold; we could not bear to think of ever returning there; better that it should perish with its host of dark memories.

Mabel Dunning found a shelter under our roof until the angels mercifully led her away to that land where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

Ruth Byerson still lives with us, so happy in her care of our children that she declares daily she has renewed her youth, and shall last a century.

As I write these closing lines, Roland bends over me—his hand touches mine. Oh! the whole world fades out of sight, and leaves us alone with our happiness.

THE END.

## THE SISTER'S SECRET. AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

### CHAPTER XXII.

I REACHED home and fell upon my bed, half fainting with weariness. I had changed my shilling and had bought a roll. This I forced myself to devour; yet, half-starved as I was, I had no appetite.

What was now to be done? Should I go to the workhouse? Yes. They would feed my baby there, and they would give it a shelter. Fool that I was! Did I know what I meant by the workhouse? Did I know that the word implied cruel nurses, faithless guardians, pitiless doctors, the diet and the death of dogs? No; I knew nothing of this. I thought upon the workhouse as the asylum of the abject, such as I. I thought of it as the liberal provision of the good, the charitable. I only hesitated because I shuddered at the future that my little girl was likely to pass into through the portals of the workhouse.

There were other asylums, perhaps, in which I might place my child. I had read in the newspapers of orphan asylums, and destitute children's asylums, and asylums for the blind. But I had also read of the difficulty of getting a child into one of these asylums. And then, if such a shelter had been offered my babe, could I have parted with her? I could think of but one asylum for us—an asylum into which we both might enter and remain for ever unseparated—the grave. It occurred again and again to me, and with each recurrence arose the dream of suicide.

A day came and found me penniless. The day of payment to my landlady was also at hand. The day after to-morrow, I said, she will send me in her bill—the bill which included the provisions for myself and my child for the week. I sat watching the sky through the sooty window with eyes glazed in desperation. I worried my finger-nails with my teeth, and my attitude, with my feet drawn up under me, resembled that of an idiot in a cell.

Suddenly a thought seized me. I arose, walked over to my trunk, and commenced hastily pulling out the articles it inclosed. I took out a silk dress, a velvet cloak, some worked cuffs, some linen garments. I rolled them into a bundle, hid them under a shawl, and left the house. Up a side street I saw the pawnbroker's sign. I advanced toward the shop and entered it. Producing my bundle, I laid it on the counter, and said to the man:

"What will you give me for these?"

He raised his eyes to my face, but without curiosity. He had seen many a woe-begone face before mine, and the presence of misery was as familiar to him as death to a sexton. He examined the articles with attention, then responded:

"Thirty-two and sixpence."

I clutched the money eagerly, and returned home, my heart lightened by the temporary sense of security. The idea of pawning my clothes had not before occurred to me. The money I had got for the few things I had offered showed me at least means of subsistence that might carry me through the next month, for my clothes were all good and my trunk was well filled. Bitterly, however, I reproached myself now for not having brought away with me all my wardrobe from Chester House.

"I should have been almost rich in its possession," I thought, "now that I have found out the way of making use of it."

But when the month was gone, what then should I do? I should be without clothes, and poorer even than now. Was there nothing I could do to earn a few shillings a week? Teach? Yes; but I must go out. Be a servant? Yes; but I must leave my child. I paced my narrow room in my anguish of thought; but beyond the first suggestion of getting money by needlework, no other idea occurred.

During all this time, you will inquire, did my thoughts ever revert to Major Rivers? They did; but not in the engrossing sense which might be imagined. Misery was too distracting in its influence to suffer me to dwell with that absorption of thought upon him which might be presumed to have existed in a heart where there had been so much love. But if I thought upon him now, I thought upon him only with hate. Yes, the pure, the generous emotion that once animated me had been finally changed into bitterness. Every fresh pang of misery reminded me of the author of all my woe. I gazed upon my child, and the sense of desertion waxed strong in my heart, with a keen and ineffable abhorrence. Time, sorrow, poverty, humiliation, had done their work. What I once loved I now execrated. What I once could have died for I would now have spat upon. Had he recalled me at the time when I told you, I should have returned at his summons; my conduct would have verified my assurance. But the days had swept past; anguish had squeezed my heart in its bony pressure; I had lived through scenes which had wholly untuned my nature; the passage of memory over my unstrung heart awakened only harsh and hateful notes. I remembered only that I might the better abhor.

I dreamt one night a hideous dream. I was walking on a lonely waste, clasping my child to my heart. My wearied limbs trembled beneath me. No tree, no edifice, broke the complete circle of the meeting of sand and sky. A red sun filled the heavens with an ensanguined light. Bars of clouds, red as blood, floated pyramidically in the west. I saw the red sun stick in them, and glare upon me like the face of a furious imprisoned giant. A hot blast had scorched me sunk with the sun, and a wind keen as the edge of sharp ice cutting the skin seemed to blow directly upon me from a large and spectral moon. I fancied that throughout the day I had been following the sun. Now that it was gone, a hungering for light made me face the moon. I commenced to retrace my steps. Suddenly I saw a form coming across the desert. The moonlight made his face white as a corpse. He gesticulated furiously; his lips spoke passionate words. I recognized him; he was Major Rivers.

"Give me my child!" he cried. "You have taken him from me. This is he. I must have him!" He seized my baby, and with fury in his eye and froth on his lip attempted to wrest her from me. I clung frantically to my child. My arms seemed to be torn out of their sockets. The baby wailed as if in acute torment, and with that cry in my ear, I awoke.

I listened. The wail that I heard in my dream came now from my side. It was a piteous wail; the wail of a baby in pain. I hastily rose, lighted a candle, and looked at my child.

I noticed now what I had not noticed when I had undressed her, that her forehead was covered with small red spots. I took her in my arms to soothe her, and noticed that her hands and feet were cold as ice. I hardly knew what these blotches meant; I confess they did not terrify me at first. I was under the impression that an inferior quality of milk had been sent, and that these pimples were the effects of its having disagreed with her. Her wailing I attributed to cold; and in this conclusion I seemed to find myself right, for after rocking her on my breast for some time her moaning ceased and she fell asleep.

The next morning, on examining her by the light of day, I observed that the eruption of the preceding evening had almost disappeared. Her forehead bore a resemblance to having been very slightly excoriated, and even as I watched the marks grew paler and paler. Nevertheless my child was very restless, in a species of uneasiness to which she had never accustomed me before. She took the bottle rebelliously, declining it when offered, wailing for it when removed. Her legs frequently jerked, as if in the momentary convulsion of pain. I also noticed that a dusky hue had overspread the tongue.

For some time, however, my ignorance kept me free from alarm. My efforts to soothe my child succeeded; so that I could not prevail upon myself to believe that there was anything seriously the matter with her, since she was so easily quieted. But as the day wore away the child's uneasiness grew more marked; my struggles to calm her became more unavailing. A constant wailing broke from her harshly dry lips; and when she protruded her tongue I noticed that its complexion was growing darker and darker.

My fears were now strongly aroused. Anxious for advice, for information, I broke through the restraint that had been imposed upon me by the impudent manners of my landlady,

and imagining that she might know more of the maladies of infancy than I, begged her to see my child. Reluctantly she mounted to my room.

"What's them marks on her forehead?" she asked, crossing her arms on her stomach and looking at the babe, that tossed uneasily on the pillow.

I explained to her that they had appeared on the previous night, but had disappeared in the morning. Did she know what they signified?

"Overfeeding, I'm inclined to think," she responded. "I've seen many a child brought to its grave by having too much to eat."

"But it is thin," I pleaded; "its body shows no signs of overfeeding."

"It ain't the body, it's the stomach," she replied. "Why, I am told you give her as much as five pints of milk mixed with food in twenty-four hours. How long do you think that sort o' dieting would take to kill her?—to say nothing of the ruinous expense of the milk bill. I've had seven children myself. It's true there's only two o' them alive; but that don't argue that I didn't know my dooty as a mother, when all that they got from me a-piece was three quarts o' milk a week. I never nussed one o' them."

"And you think her uneasiness means nothing?" I said, eagerly.

"It's worry hard to say," she answered, glancing round the room to see how I was treating her furniture. "For my part, I hates giving advice—doctoring, I calls it. Whatever you say is never minded; people goes and does jest the very opposite; and if things don't go right they always come down upon you for advising them wrong. There's a doctor as lives down the bottom of this street; if you like, I'll send my girl for him."

"I am very much obliged to you. I think I had better see him. At all events he will make my mind easier by seeing my baby."

She left the room, after having bestowed another careful scrutiny around her. Whether she sent for the doctor at once I do not know, but it is certain that the day passed without his presenting himself. Eagerly now I awaited his presence, for my fears once aroused, I could perceive quite enough in my child to excite them more and more. This new care, this unforeseen trouble, had quite put to flight all thoughts upon the terrible position I occupied. Poverty, misfortune—ay, the fiercest trouble—grew light in comparison with the feelings which my child's now obvious illness inspired me with. Again and again I went to the door and stood listening for the doctor. The dark hours of the afternoon approached, and yet he had not arrived. I had been incessantly pacing my child about the room; by such constant exercise only could I subdue even in a small degree the constant wailing cries that came from her poor little lips. Wearied, heartsick, I had sunk into a chair for a brief repose, when I heard a welcome hammering at the door; I heard it bang; I heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs; and a young man entered the room.

He hardly removed his hat as he came in; he whistled audibly through his teeth, ceasing only to ask me in a jaunty manner what the matter was. The expression of his face as he looked about him did not escape me. I explained to him that my baby was ill; I held her in my arms, and he bade me bring her close to the candle that sent forth a miserable ray.

"Dash these candles!" he exclaimed, giving the wick a fillip with his finger-nail; "the grocers ought to be hanged and quartered for having such aggravating things in their shops. Now, let's have a look."

He examined the baby with some attention for a moment, forced open the mouth to see the tongue, smoothed his finger over the forehead, and then receded a step, shrugging his shoulders.

"As I thought, by the smell in the place," he said. "What an infernally narrow room for a person with an immortal soul! Now, do you know what's the matter with your child?"

"No," I said, tremblingly. "Well, it's, got the measles," he answered. "You must be very careful of it, for the attack is a complicated one. Why did you let it run on? You ought to have had medical advice before."

"Is there any danger?" I exclaimed. "I would have sent for a medical man had I had the least fear. But I did not think there was anything wrong."

"Anything wrong?" he repeated, contemptuously. "Do you mean to tell me that you didn't know what the measles are? Why, the most uneducated woman in the world will take fright at pimples appearing and disappearing in a night. I say nothing of those other dangerous symptoms—the dark tongue, the dry lips, the sore throat." Then he added: "I will send her a mixture which you must see she has regularly. Keep her warm, and don't have her too long in your arms."

He put his hat on and walked from the room, resuming the whistling noise through his teeth. I called after him, "When may I expect you again?" "To-morrow morning," he answered.

Reader, I will not prolong this picture of my misery. My heart tortures me with a spasm of sickness as I invoke Memory and hear her responses. My landlady had heard from the doctor of the nature of my child's illness. On going down-stairs I had been abused by her in the coarsest language for having come into her house, to diffuse a malady that might lay every one of them on a sick bed. She added that if her other lodgers heard that there was a child with the measles in her house they would all be certain to leave her, and that she would be ruined by a woman out of whom she had hardly earned a sixpence.

(To be continued.)

### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Pius IX. is in his 91st year.

U. S. G. calls the Presidency a profession. The Emperor of Austria goes to Berlin in September.

The widow of Admiral Farragut is to have a pension of \$2,000.

Prévost-Paradol left among his literary remains a defense of suicide.

Sir Thomas Dakin, ex-Lord Mayor of London, was in Chicago last week.

Miss Lizzie Barrigan is the champion swimmer of Charlestown, Mass.

President Baerz, of Santo Domingo, is preparing for a raid from Hayti.

Herr Halm, the intimate friend of Beethoven, has died at Vienna, aged 84.

The Prussian Crown-Prince is an enthusiastic stock-raiser and horse-breeder.

A colored missionary educated in Rome has been assigned to duty in Alabama.

One-half the population of Virginia City, Nev., is below the ground in the mines.

Victor Emmanuel dresses like a North American Indian when he goes hunting.

The Japanese are on a tour of observation of our fortifications with General Myers.

Nearly all the State Press Associations have their annual excursion this month.

The anniversary of the death of Dickens was celebrated at Boiffin's Bower, Boston.

John H. Surratt has been married to Miss Victorine Hunter, of Montgomery County, Md.

President Thiers is charged by a deputy with "possessing all the arrogance of the First Napoleon."

Mazzini's large fortune will be inherited by his grandniece, at present art critic of a daily paper at Turin.

Dr. Livingstone refuses to leave Africa until he has explored a mysterious underground labyrinth.

The President left Washington, the day after adjournment, for Long Branch, the Summer seat of Government.

General Sherman was warmly welcomed to Russia by the Czar, who wouldn't squeeze digits with Prince Fred.

All Russians loyal to the Czar celebrated, on the 11th, the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Peter the Great.

The fifth son of the late Charles Dickens, a lieutenant in the English navy, died recently on his way from Bombay home.

Mr. Alfred Henry Forrester, better known by the nom de plume of Alfred Crowquill, died recently at the age of 68.

The Empress of Germany has founded a seminary for the orphan daughters of officers deceased during the late war.

Her Majesty Mabel Gray, Queen of the Gipsies, is about to contract a matrimonial alliance in England, whether her liege subjects are said to be flocking from all parts of the world.

### NEWS BREVITIES.

Camp-meetings are in season.

This is a lively yachting week.

Knox County, O., has discovered gold.

Napoleon's son is a fine billiard-player.

Germany proposes expelling all her Jesuits.

Rouen is to be the leading military post of France.

The fruit crop of Illinois promises to be immense.

The San Juan Boundary Arbitration is progressing.

The bathing season at Coney Island was opened on the 11th.

Hot springs have increased in California since the earthquakes.

They take a "crisis" in Spain as a Western man does his chills and fever.

The King of Denmark opened the World's Fair at Copenhagen on the 13th.

The new trial of Laura D. Fair, of San Francisco, begins on the 24th inst.

Ticket-takers to the number of sixty-four will be required during Jubilee days.

Chicago reporters carry a ladder when they go to interview Long John Wentworth.

LARGE quantities of silver ore have been found on the Northern shore of Lake Superior.



NEW YORK CITY.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE JAMES GORDON BENNETT—THE FRIENDS AND RELATIVES TAKING THE LAST LOOK AT THE REMAINS, IN THE PARLOR OF HIS LATE RESIDENCE IN FIFTH AVENUE.

#### THE STRIKERS, AND THEIR PARADE.

After weeks of preparation, the strikers' procession took place on Monday, June 10th. From the breadth of the discontent, and the suspicious attitude assumed by some hot headed persons professing to be leaders of the movement, it was anticipated that at least 40,000 workingmen would be in line.

The strikes had extended to thirty-two distinct trades, taking, in the aggregate, nearly 40,000 men from their work, and cutting off the means of subsistence—as far as the payment for labor went—of at least 150,000 persons. In the city there are between eighty and ninety trade associations. From the members of these, the Eight-Hour League was formed, embracing, perhaps, 25,000 men.

The strike had extended over five weeks, and by the latter part of last week the majority of fifteen trades had resumed work, either by the acquiescence or promise of their employers.

Those who still resisted overtures of conciliation were the foremost in arranging the parade. They promised that all the strikers holding out would be in line, besides delegations from adjoining cities. In view of the inflammatory appeals that crept into the daily Press, prudence was counseled by parties who could foresee the terrible results of a riotous demonstration that might readily be excited by thoughtless addresses.

Business men recognize the justice of rewarding labor with compensation corresponding to value, and when men leave work from dissatisfaction with its reward, there is a pretty general disposition on the part of employers to adjust the difficulty, that the interests of neither party may continue in

sufferance. But when a striker endeavors to force his companions or fellow-workmen to cease a labor with the remuneration of which they are content, because he is unwilling to resume on equal terms, the dignity of labor is shocked, and little sympathy is to be had.

We were pleased to see that one body of men openly repudiated the incendiary sentiments published by a presumed leader, and quite surprised that another should pass, but a short time previous to the parade, the following:

"Resolved, That on Monday, June 10th, 1872, the day of the eight-hour demonstration of the workingmen, we demand that every store-

keeper throughout the city and vicinity show his sympathy in the movement by placing in his window or other conspicuous place a card, inscribed in large letters, 'Eight hours for a day's work.' Thus may we know our friends from our enemies.

"Resolved, That after that day, we, our wives, daughters, sons, relatives, friends, and all others within our influence, will not purchase from or pay into any store, of whatever kind, any money where such sign has not been exhibited, but will confine our patronage to such as have complied with our demand."

The parade, however, was a remarkably quiet affair. The police were mustered in force

to prevent trouble, and had a serious disturbance occurred, the regiments of State militia out on drill would have rendered material aid.

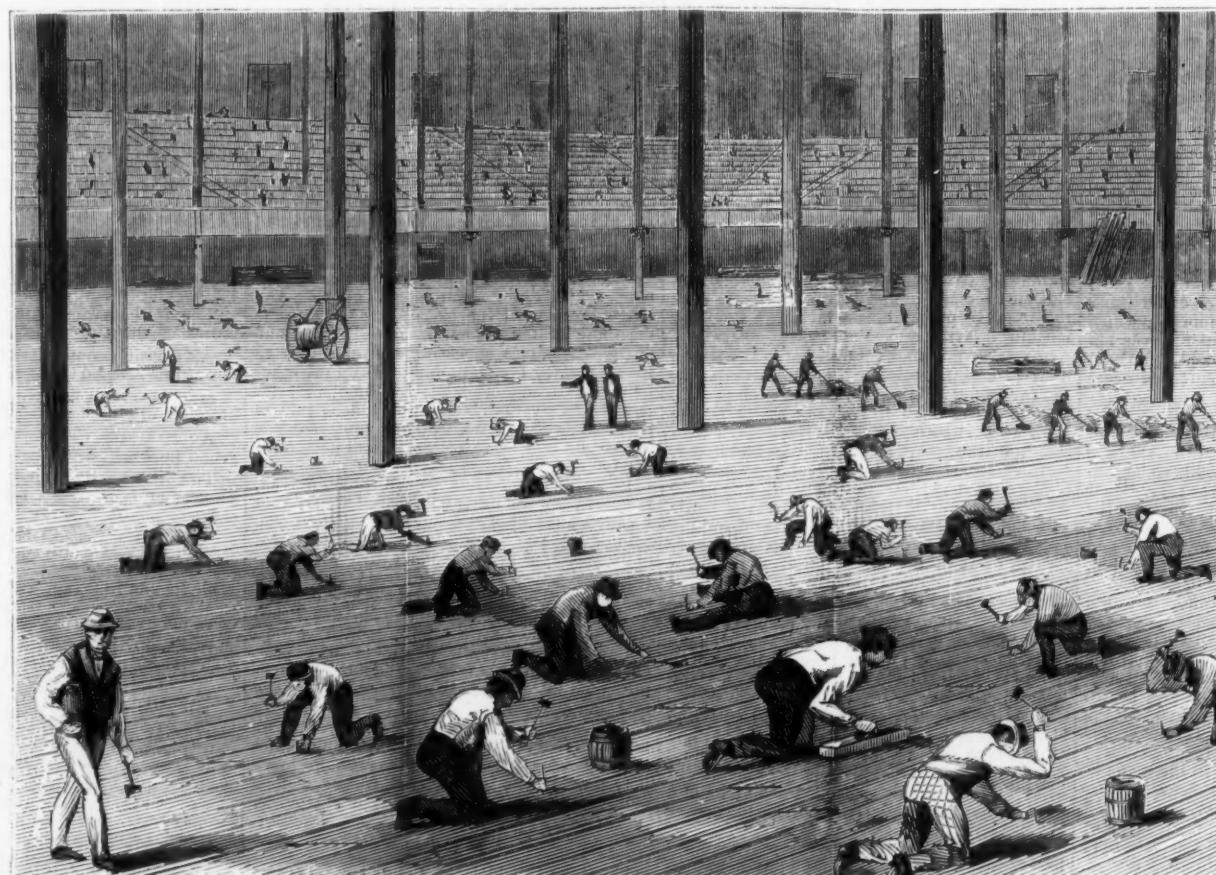
But the promised procession of 40,000 dwindled down to about 4,000 men. It would be difficult to convince ourselves that those who appeared were fair representatives of the workingmen of the city. They certainly did not exhibit the manly bone and sinew of the land. Of the flags and banners displayed, there was but one of a demonstrative character, and that, carried by the Internationals, bore the familiar threat, "Eight hours—peaceably if we can; forcibly if we must."

As a popular movement of the workingmen, the parade was a failure. Very many, with commendable good sense, refused to take part in it, fearing that greater complications would thereby be engendered.

#### FUNERAL OF MR. BENNETT.

BUT a few weeks ago we gave illustrations of the funeral of the Father of the Telegraph, and now we pay the same mark of respect for the memory of the Father of American Journalism. The struggles of Samuel F. B. Morse and James Gordon Bennett were long and aggravating. Each man cherished an idea which, in completion, was to last for all time and benefit all mankind. Perseverance seemed born of opposition. Both men labored with Roman zest, and accomplished their mission long before Death brought them to be mourned by the intelligence of the world.

Franklin enticed the lightning to earth; Morse gave it a language which Mr. Bennett cultivated, until the "utmost end" of the world rejoiced and sympathized with the inhabitants of the antipodes.



THE WORLD'S PEACE JUBILEE.—THE CARPENTERS AT WORK NAILING DOWN THE FLOORING OF THE COLISEUM BUILDING.  
FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 215.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE EIGHT-HOUR MOVEMENT—PROCESSION OF WORKMEN ON A "STRIKE," IN THE BOWERY, JUNE 10TH, 1872.—DRAWN BY MATT. McLEAN.

The obsequies took place at the residence of the deceased, in Fifth Avenue, on Thursday, June 13th. During the day flags were displayed at half-mast on the City Hall, newspaper offices, and various business establishments.

The remains, which had been embalmed, were incased in a particularly handsome casket. It was nearly square in shape, and constructed of a peculiar wood which is said to be more durable than metal. The side-panels were covered with the costliest Lyons silk velvet, from which projected eight handles, made expressly for the occasion, and of an entirely new design. The lid or top consisted of two panels of French crystal plate-glass, covered, when required, by two black silk velvet caps. Upon one rested the silver plate. The whole lid was hung on silver hinges, and closed with two silver locks. The entire casket was mounted in a massive framework of silver molding of chaste design, bolted and made fast in such a manner that it can never fall apart, and must last for ages. The inside was upholstered and decorated in white silk, satin, and Venetian lace. The work was designed and manufactured by the Stein Patent Burial Casket Company, of Rochester, N. Y., for this special occasion, and was, without exception, the finest specimen of funeral furniture ever seen in this city.

At each end of the casket was a seven-branched candelabrum, and on the casket, as well as all around it, were devices in white flowers, consisting of crosses, anchors, wreaths and other appropriate designs.

The dwelling was densely crowded with friends of the deceased journalist. At a little before eleven o'clock the following gentlemen, who officiated as pall-bearers—viz., Messrs. Horace Greeley, Charles A. Dana, George Jones, D. M. Stone, J. M. Bundy, H. J. Hastings, Frederick Hudson and George W. Childs, all wearing white scarfs—entered the room and took up their positions on either side of the casket.

Shortly afterward Vicar-General Starr entered, in full canonicals, and took his position at the head of the casket, from which position he delivered a brief eulogy. He then proceeded to conduct the services prescribed by the Catholic Church on such occasions, in his usual impressive manner, after which those who had not done so were allowed to pass the casket to room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

**WATCH No. 24,008, Stem Winder—Trade Mark, "United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co.), Marion, N. J."**—has been worn by me about five months; during that time has varied but eight seconds. I have worn it while riding on horseback and in railroad cars. CHAS. H. WOLFF, firm Chas. H. Wolff & Co., Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.

**NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.**  
FAVORABLE REPORT ON THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

WASHINGTON, June 11.

The Committee on Pacific Railroads of the House made a report yesterday upon the resolution of February 13th, to investigate and report upon the actual condition of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. The statement is voluminous, embracing all the evidence adduced before the committee. The following is a brief synopsis:

There are no charges of any kind whatsoever made against the management of the company, and in order to meet the suggestions made in any communications referred to the committee or any of its members, as well as all questions of a general character, the committee put interrogatories to the Company which were answered under oath. The range of the inquiries was designed to cover the actual condition of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company, and to be exhaustive.

The evidence shows that the affairs of the company are in a sound and clean condition. Thus far the Road has been constructed by contractors, to whom the work has been let after public competitive bidding. No director, officer or engineer of the company has been in any way peculiarly interested in the construction contracts or the purchase of material or supplies.

The building of the Road has progressed as rapidly as prudent financial management and the permanent interest of the Road permitted. The work throughout is shown to be of the best quality. The iron is all of American manufacture, and from American ores. There will be in operation at the end of this year five hundred and seventeen (517) miles of the main Road. Surveys entirely across the Continent have developed an excellent route with easy grades and through a country of much average fertility. In addition to the portion already completed, there is now under construction and preparing for contract, east and west of the Rocky Mountains, ten hundred and thirty-one (1031) miles of track. Grading is in progress in Dakota and Washington Territories.

The company has examined, platted, appraised and prepared for market, 1,578,890 acres of its lands in Minnesota and Washington Territory, at a cost of one cent per acre, and of these lands applications are on file for the purchase of 140,204 acres.

The company's policy is to sell its lands cheap to actual settlers. The lands are held by trustees as security for bonds sold by the company, and no portion of the grant can be diverted from this purpose.

Four million two hundred and forty-one thousand six hundred dollars worth of capital stock has been issued, and is held by one hundred and seventy-four different shareholders, whose names are given.

**A BIG VICTORY FOR THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FeED SEWING-MACHINE.**—It will delight all the many friends of the Wilson Improved Sewing Machine to know that in the stubborn contest for superiority in samples of work at the great Northern Ohio Fair their favorite has carried off the two great premiums, the medal for best six specimens machine work, and the diploma for best specimen embroidery. As the great competition was in these two classes, it will be seen that the Wilson's victory is complete. We knew this would be so. It could not be otherwise. There is no talking down the fact that the Wilson is the best family sewing-machine now manufactured, the one capable of doing the best work on any kind of goods, and under all circumstances. This award of the highest premium to the work of the Wilson Improved Machine, should and will silence the talk of that large class of sewing-machine men who have made this machine the object of their special enmity, simply because it is a moderate-price machine and undersells their expensive ones. Go and see the first premium cards on those beautiful samples of work, and remember that you can buy this premium sewing-machine for fifty dollars.—*From the Cleveland Herald*, Salesroom 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the United States.

UNION ADAMS & CO., of 637 Broadway, are always among the first to bring out the novelties of the seasons. Their long experience enables them to judge of the prospective popularity of all articles designed for gentlemen's wear, and their business connections are such that they can command the fullest lines of the specialties for which they are famous. They have now on hand an elaborate stock of goods of their own introduction and manufacture, particularly adapted to the warm season. The assortment of gentlemen's underwear, scarfs, sashes, gloves and collars, is complete, and worthy examination. This is an old firm, and the public has long trusted its representations.

#### FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. H. B. TAYLOR, Putnam, Ohio, has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine fourteen years without repairs. In two weeks she earned with it \$40, besides doing her own housework; has stitched eighty yards in less than two hours. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

**WHICH PAYS BEST?**—The public have long since discovered that the so-called lock-stitch sewing-machine, even when of the latest make, is but an inferior helper in a family, and that it pays best to obtain a Willcox & Gibbs Silent Family Sewing-Machine in preference to any other. This is the only machine making the secure and elastic twisted loop-stitch.

**WATCH NO. 24,008, STEM WINDER—TRADE MARK,** "United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co.), Marion, N. J."—has been worn by me about five months; during that time has varied but eight seconds. I have worn it while riding on horseback and in railroad cars. CHAS. H. WOLFF, firm Chas. H. Wolff & Co., Pearl Street, Cincinnati, O.

**A Sad Falling Out.**—It is indeed a sad falling out when, after years of the closest intimacy, the hair parts company with the head. Fortunately, the lamentable separation may be easily prevented, and the twain more closely united than ever, by a timely and systematic use of LYON'S KATHAIRON, the most potent invigorant of the hair and promoter of its growth and beauty known to modern pharmacy.

**SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the Maison Dorée, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the élite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.**

**E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.**

**JOSEPH HOOVER**, publisher of the finest chromos, respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his large and varied assortment of Foreign and American Chromos. No. 1,117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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**CABLE SCREW WIRE**  
**Boots and Shoes.**

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We will send a handsome Prospectus of our *New Illustrated Family Bible*, containing over 450 fine Scripture Illustrations, to any Book Agent, free of charge. Address, NATIONAL PUB. CO., Phila., Pa. ff

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you may know, using our Planes in 40 States and Territories.  
**U. S. Piano Co., 865 Broadway, New York.**

**\$100 to 250** per month guaranteed  
sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven-strand WHITE PLATINUM CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address, the GIRARD WIRE MILLS, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Old Whiskies, Brandies, Wines of France, Spain and Portugal, Havana Cigars and Fancy Groceries. Agents for Pleasant Valley Wine Co.'s Still or Sparkling Wines. H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 Fulton Street. Established 1853.

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B. ALTMAN & CO.,  
Sixth Avenue, near 21st St.,  
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Will offer unqualified bargains this week in BLACK and COLORED SILKS, comprising GROS-GRAIN, TAFFETA, LUSTERINE, JAPANESE, FANCY STRIPES, BONNET SILKS, etc., at extraordinarily low prices. Also SASH and Bonnet Ribbons, Choice LACES in Guipure, Real and Imitation Valencianas, White and Colored Cluny, Yak and Spanish Trimming Laces, etc., at an important reduction in prices since last week.

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An important reduction has taken place since last week, and we offer Black Iron Grenadines at 45c to 75c; Foulards; Pongee in Stripes and Plaids reduced to 55c; Victoria Striped Poplins, 45c; Plain and Satin Poplins, Satin Striped Marletta Cloth, Plain and Striped Mohair Lustre, etc., etc. Samples promptly forwarded to all parts on application.

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The Traveling Public is particularly directed to our extensive stock of Suits and Costumes suited to traveling and seaside wear.

Every description of Suits for Summer wear now closing out at marvelously low prices. Fine Victoria Lawn Suits, in every shade, elaborately trimmed, complete, including capes, \$6.75. Fine Lawn Suits complete, \$7. Fine White Lawn Suits, with polonais and cape, trimmed with Cluny lace, \$11.50. Fine White, Grey and Buff Lawn Suits, trimmed most elaborately, with or without cape, \$9.50, \$11.50 and \$12.50. The most elegant costume of the season in Chamberlain, trimmed with linen fringe, \$15. Fine White Lawn Suit, neatly and attractively trimmed, Hamburg edging, puffing, etc.

Descriptive List, with prices, forwarded to all parts of the U. S. on application.

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Ladies' Night Robes, full size, with yoke, tucked back and front, \$1.42. Fine Muslin Night Robes, trimmed with five rows of fine Hamburg inserting, cluster tucks, needlework edging, \$3.30. Wamsutta Muslin Chemises, with ruffle and tape trimming, stitched on Wheeler & Wilson's Machine, 95c. Ladies' fine Chemises, tucked bosom, trimmed with fine edging, \$1.45. Train Skirts, various styles, \$1.50, \$2 and up. Train-and Walking Skirts, narrow and wide tucks alternating, \$1.35.

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**Important to Travelers.**  
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#### Borden's Condensed Milk, 28 Cents per Quart,

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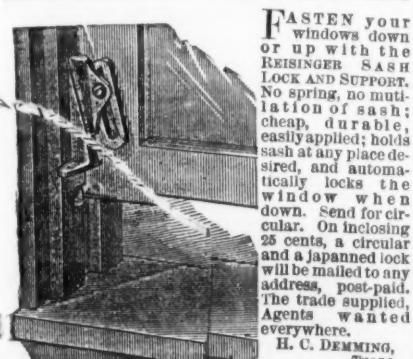
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**\$30** PER WEEK and expenses paid. We want a reliable agent in every county in the U. S. Address, Hudson River Wire Co., 130 Malden Lane, N. Y., or Chicago, Ill.

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**\$30,000 in Prizes. 10,000 Tickets at \$3 each.**

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16,488 Cash Prizes, ranging from \$2 to \$3,000.  
ONE PRIZE TO EVERY 4½ TICKETS.

THIS scheme is the best ever offered, presenting more Cash Prizes, and of greater value. Thoroughly guaranteed and perfectly honorable, being endorsed and guaranteed by leading men of the State, and conducted by men of the strictest integrity. For circulars, views, plans, etc., apply to NATHAN TURRELL, Wooster House, Danbury, Conn. Good, energetic Agents wanted who can furnish references.

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Merchant Tailor,  
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UNITED STATES WATCH CO'S WATCHES.

#### REPORT OF JUDGES

AT THE SECOND

#### INTERNATIONAL INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION

OF THE

#### MECHANICS' INSTITUTE:

To the EXHIBITION COMMITTEE:

Gentlemen: The undersigned, Judges in Department 1, Group 7, report that they have carefully and impartially examined, according to the "Instructions to Judges" transmitted to them, the several competing articles submitted for their judgment, and that the following are their conclusions:

No. 795. American Watches. Entered by

T. & E. DICKINSON,

Buffalo, N. Y.

"T. & E. Dickinson, exhibit American Watches, manufactured by the United States Watch Co., (Giles, Wales & Co.) Marion, N.J.

"These Watches are, without doubt, the best manufactured in this country."

ALLEN CHURCH,  
GEO. I. BENTLEY, }  
B. S. BENTLEY, } Judges.

I hereby certify, that the above is a correct copy of the report of Judges on Entry No. 795, and that the same was awarded First Premium. (Large Medal.)

Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 29th, 1871.

Price List furnished the Trade on application, inclosing business card. For sale by the Trade generally.

Ask your Jeweler to see the MARION

#### WATCHES.

BEWARE of worthless imitations with which the country is flooded. To avoid imposition, see that the words MARION, N. J., are engraved on the plate over the Main-Spring Barrel. All others are spurious.

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#### THE GREAT Musical & Gift Carnival.

BY

Dodworth's World-Renowned Band.

Under the direction of HARVEY B. DODWORTH, of New York, Comprising 50 members;

Also the Queen of Song, MRS. JENNIE VAN ZANDT  
Mlle. FILOMENO,  
The distinguished Violinist and Pianist;

And other great artists, including MR. BENT, the renowned Cornet Soloist; on

FALLS FIELD, ROCHESTER, N. Y.,

July 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, 1872,

Under the Mammoth Tent used last season by Mr. P. T. Barnum for his two combined shows, being the largest canvas tent in the world.

Three concerts each three first days, the last day two concerts only, by all the city bands. July 2d, 3d and 4th, Doors open at 10 A.M., 2 P.M., and 7 P.M. July 5th, Doors open 9 A.M. and 7 P.M. This last day the Distribution will take place. This will be the largest Musical Carnival ever given in New York State.

#### PRIZES, \$175,000!

Given to Ticket-holders without any Reserve.

These Gifts consist of the most Valuable, Rare, Elegant and Costly Goods and Property.

#### TICKETS ONLY ONE DOLLAR.

Every person purchasing one ticket may become the possessor of these world-renowned prizes:

The Great Carnival Six-in-Hand, Consisting of these matchless teams: Barnum's Black Team, the late Colonel Fisk's Gray Team, and Tillington's Splendid Blood Bays, forming the six finest horses in the world.

#### The Elegant Landau Coach

Made for the Emperor of Germany, and a Splendid GOLD-MOUNTED HARNESS.

The Magnificent Parlor and Bedroom Set of Furniture

Made for the Grand Duke Alexis.

The Miniature Steamboat "Providence," Made of Silver and Gold, for the late Colonel Fisk, with a Musical Box attached, which plays eight tunes.

The Beautiful White Trick Pony.

The Mammoth Ox, weighing 4,000 pounds.

An immense number of Trees and Plants of the Rarest Kinds.

In addition to these matchless attractions are innumerable others, consisting of Splendid Furniture, Jewelry, Solid Bronze Articles, Majolica Ware, and many other articles of bijouterie and vermeil. Sewing-Machines, Pianos, Organs, Harnesses, Trunks and Satchels, Oil Paintings and every variety of Parlor Adornments, Furs, Carriages, Chromos, and Silk Dresses and Patterns, etc., etc. In a word, there are the unparalleled number of 6,267 splendid gifts, valued at \$175,000, to be distributed, and every holder of a dollar ticket stands a fair chance of becoming a rich man.

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One hundred and seventy-five thousand numbers, representing the number of tickets issued, will be placed in ONE wheel, and cards inscribed with the names of the gifts will be placed in another. From these wheels a number and a gift will be drawn simultaneously, the number drawn in each instance taking the gift drawn at the same time.

All orders for tickets by mail must be addressed to

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64 BUFFALO STREET (Powers's Commercial Building).

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